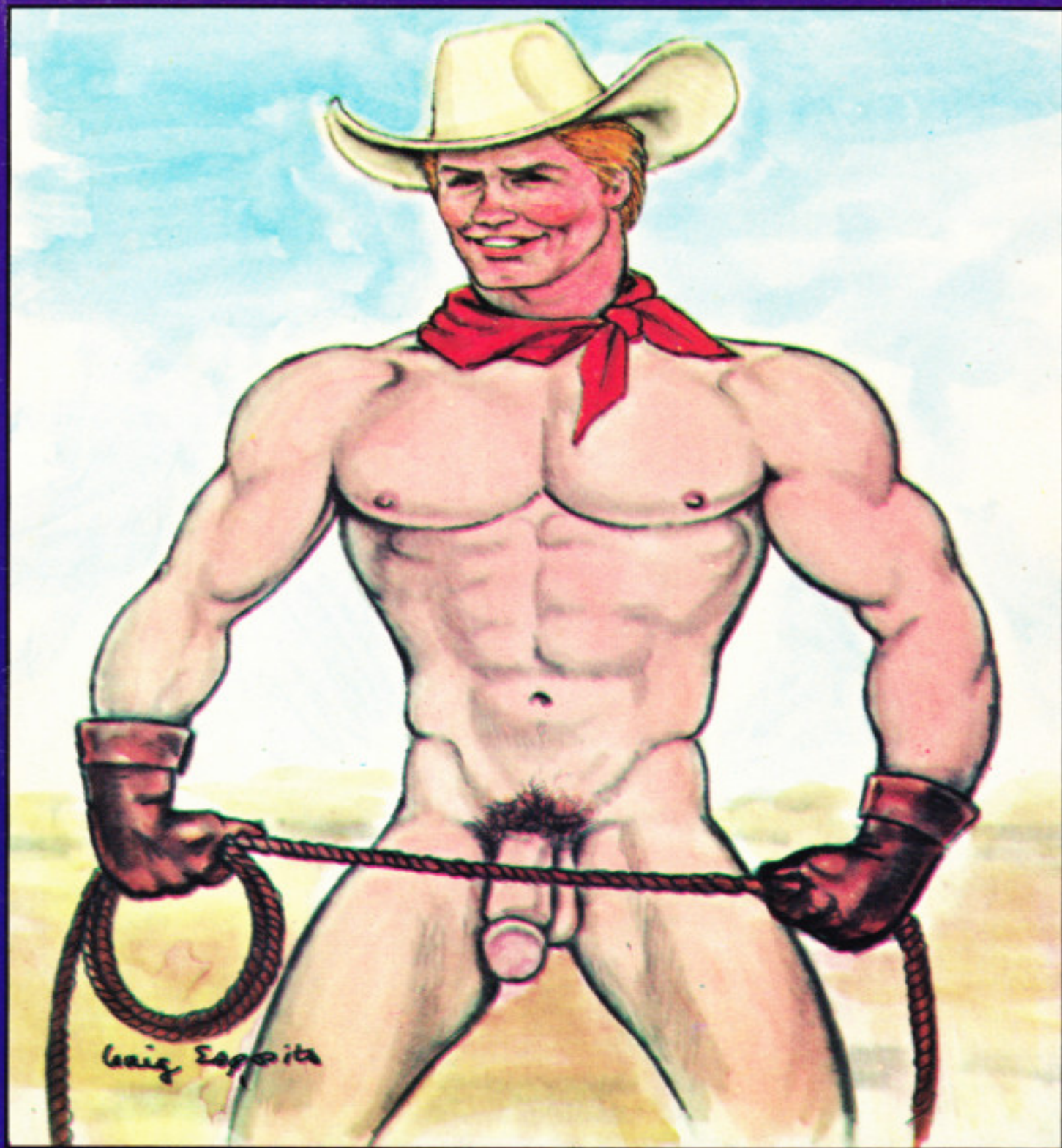


Young Stallions

\$3.95



# ***Cowboy With A Rope***

*For the Entertainment of Adults Only*

## FOREWORD

All heads turned as Raff swaggered into the bar.

One bartender nudged the other.

“Looks like there’s some new talent in town,” Sidney muttered to Gregor.

Gregor looked the new kid up and down.

“Hmm...” the burly bartender muttered in reply. “I wouldn’t mind sleeping with him myself.”

Raff sauntered over to the counter.

He leaned against the bar and adjusted the ten gallon cowboy hat on his head.

He flashed the bartenders a grin.

Gregor felt his cock twitch with desire in the close confines of his trousers.

“Howdy,” Raff grunted in his easy-going drawl. “A pint of lager, please.”

Sidney and Gregor eyed one another, then turned to face the kid once again.

“Are you from America?” they asked.

“Sure as hell am,” Raff replied. “Come to England looking for rich, older men hungry for eleven inches of thick dick meat. Think I came to the right place?”

Sidney and Gregor nodded in quick unison.

“If you want to sell your body, you certainly came to the right place, mate,” Sidney said.

“Good,” Raff said. “Now could I please have my beer so I can case out the joint?”

“Certainly,” Greogor replied, moving to the beer pump.

# CHAPTER ONE

If one is particularly unattractive or perhaps getting on in years, there is not much chance for free hot fuck action with chance acquaintances.

One must seek out those handsome young things who sell their bodies to make the rent.

In London, there are two bars frequented by these rent boys who are only too willing to accommodate those that fate has not smiled kindly upon in the physical sense.

The seedier of the two, the Warthog Watering Hole, is where our story begins.

The Warthog Watering Hole is smack dab in the middle of London's tourist section.

Nestled somewhere between St. Paul's Cathedral and Buckingham Palace, on a dingy back street, lies the sordid joint.

Cash is traded for cock at a regular pace.

New, young hustlers charge high rates.

Those who have been around for a while, those who everybody has already had or whose looks are fading must charge lower rates.

But once the hustlers get their johns between the sheets the actions are basically the same.

Cocks are shoved up butt holes.

Tongues roll around dickheads.

Lips press against sweaty flesh.

Money quickly changes hands and doors are slammed shut.

Some customers feel guilt.

Some feel regret.

Most feel better than they did when first walking into the Warthog Watering Hole.

There are two bartenders at the pub.

One is Sidney, an illegal alien from Australia.

The other is Gregor, a burly man of Germanic descent.

Both know all the hustlers on sight.

They know most of the hustlers' rates.

They are aware of the rate changes as a hustler becomes more and more known on the scene.

Sidney and Gregor know most of the customers as well.

They are not difficult to differentiate from the hustlers.

The hustlers are cute and young, or handsome and well-built.

The customers are usually dressed in three-piece suits and carry briefcases.

They are all either very ugly or very old.

Most visit the pub as soon as they get out of work.

The Warthog Watering Hole is generally packed to the rafters from five fifteen to seven o'clock.

At nine the crowd begins to thicken once again.

By the time the pub closes at eleven ten there are hardly any customers left, and even fewer hustlers.

Those customers who aren't already fucking around with a cute young thing they picked up couldn't find anybody to their liking and have gone home, reluctantly, to their wives.

Those hustlers who didn't score by last call have gone to London's premier gay club, *Hell*, searching for customers amongst those teetering on the dance floor.

A few get lucky at Hell.

But most hustlers pick up their johns at the Warthog Watering Hole.

One typical Wednesday evening Sidney leaned over to Gregor and nudged him.

“What’s up?” Gregor asked.

“Look over there,” Sidney replied.

“Where?”

“There.”

Gregor glanced in the direction Sidney, very discreetly, had pointed out.

Garance Rue di Rivoli leaned against the jukebox.

The kid had been on the scene for a few months so Gregor recognized him immediately.

Garance had a steady clientele built up, and it was easy to see how.

Garance was more slender than the usual hustler, but the kid had the face of an angel.

And his limbs, although rather thin, were sinewy and bulging with musculature.

Garance had typically Gallic features.

High cheekbones.

Full, sensuous lips.

A well-coiffed mass of black hair on his angelic face.

That evening, however, Garance’s usually flawless face was marred with a band-aid across his forehead.

“What happened to him?” Gregor asked Sidney.

“That’s why I’m pointing him out,” Sidney replied. “One of the other kids—what’s his name? The one that charges a hundred and fifty for a blow job?”

“That cheeky bastard... the one with the body of death?” Gregor asked.

Sidney nodded.

“Spazz?” Gregor suggested.

“That’s it.” Sidney replied. “Spazz told me before he left with that bank clerk that Garance was attacked by a gang of skinheads last night.”

“Looks like they didn’t get him too bad,” Gregor said. “I mean, the plaster is somewhat of an embarrassment, but I’ve heard queer-bashing stories where the skinheads put their victims in the hospital for months.”

“He is lucky,” Sidney admitted. “But listen to what happened, will you.”

“I’m all ears.”

Sidney looked at Gregor’s massive ears and agreed wholeheartedly.

“You certainly are,” he said with a giggle.

Gregor glared.

“You want me to hurl you across the bar so hard you don’t reach ground until you’re back in your homeland?” Gregor warned.

“I’m only joking,” Sidney replied.

“My ears are no joking matter,” Gregor grunted.

“Excuse me, please...”

A bespectacled creature in a pin-striped suit looked apologetically across the bar.

“Yes?” Gregor asked.

“I’d like a pint of lager, please,” the man said.

Gregor lumbered to the pump and poured the man his drink.

“Eighty five pence,” Gregor said.

The man placed a pound coin on the bar and curled his fingers around the glass.

He nervously gulped down half a pint by the time Gregor returned from the till with his change.

“Nervous?” Gregor asked.

The man jumped at the question.

“Er... well, I...” he stammered, staring down at the newspaper he had placed on the bar.



“Your first time?” Sidney asked.

The man looked in fear from one bartender to the other.

“Yes,” he said in a whisper. “But please don’t let any of the... please don’t let anybody know. I don’t want them to up their rates because I’ve never done this before.”

“A word of advice,” Sidney whispered across the bar. “Don’t pay more than one hundred pounds for a blow job.”

“Oh, well... er...” the man stuttered, his face turning bright pink. “Certainly not! I was wondering what a fifty pound note could get me.”

“Perhaps a hand job in the bathroom downstairs,” Sidney suggested.

“Oh! Er... I see...”

The man seemed rather taken aback.

He looked around the bar.

Hot young things stood around the room, legs spread, eyes inviting, crotches bulging.

“Th-they certainly make a pretty penny, don’t they?” he inquired.

Gregor shrugged his massive shoulders.

(Everything about Gregor was massive.)

“Look what they have to do to get their money,” he said.

“Er... what is that?” the man asked, slightly confused.

“They have to sleep with the wimpy likes of you!” Gregor said cruelly.

“Gregor!” Sidney said. “Stop that!”

“Well!” the man said, his lips pinched. “See if I ever frequent this establishment again.”

“And good riddance to you,” Gregor replied.

The man clutched for his briefcase and newspaper.

He knocked over his pint of lager.

Beer spilled down the side of the bar.

“Well!” the man repeated, his voice icy. “I hope you don’t expect me to clean up that mess!”

He turned and stormed out of the Warthog Watering Hole, fingers nervously wrapped around the handle of his briefcase.

Gregor guffawed with hearty laughter.

Sidney rolled his eyes.

“If the owner ever heard you being rude to the customers you wouldn’t have to bother showing up for work,” he said.

“We don’t need customers like that,” Gregor said. “He looked like an undercover agent. Scares away all the trade. And then we really won’t have any business. I’m sure the owner would thank me for what I just did.”

Sidney did not look convinced.

“Anyway,” he said, glancing at the jukebox.

Garance was still draped across the record selections.

Gregor noticed his co-worker’s glance.

“You were going to tell me a story,” he said. “About the skinheads and Garance.”

“Yes,” Sidney said, warming to the subject.

Sidney liked dispensing gossip more than he liked dispensing beer.

“Well, for some bizarre reason, that fool was over in Kings Cross Sunday night at that pub with the discos on Sunday nights.”

“You mean the Candle?”

“Yes, the Candle,” Sidney said with a nod. “As you probably know, the Candle closes at one in the morning. There’s another club up that horrid, horrid hill.”

“Cars and Things?” Gregor asked.

“I see you know Kings Cross well,” Sidney said.

“I’m gay, aren’t I?” Gregor said in reply.

Sidney chuckled, then continued his story.



“I suppose you also know how dark and deserted the hill from the Candle to Cars and Things is?”

“Yes.”

“Well, Garance was traipsing up the hill all on her own. This group of five skinheads came down the hill.”

“What were they doing at Kings Cross?” Gregor asked.

“Probably checking out the charred remains of the tube station. I don’t know,” Sidney replied. “That’s immaterial. Anyway, these skinheads were rowdy and pissed as all hell. Dragging beer bottles on the ground behind them, that sort of thing.”

“Yes? And?”

“And the last one in the group asks Garance if he has twenty five pence. Like any fag terrified of skinheads, Garance ignored him.”

“And what did the skinhead do?” Gregor wanted to know.

“He called poor Garance a fucking faggot.”

“And what did Garance do? Deny it?” Gregor asked. “Hardly believable!”

“Well, no,” Sidney said. “I suppose it is rather obvious that he’s gay. So Garance turned around and called him a fucking bastard.”

Gregor’s eyes widened.

“I wouldn’t have thought he would have it in him,” he said.

“He doesn’t,” Sidney replied. “But he had been drinking all night long, you understand.”

“So the skinheads chased him up the hill and bashed his brains out?” Gregor asked.

“Almost,” Sidney said. “They chased him up the hill, and Garance is apparently a rather good runner. He collapsed at the door of Cars and Things, and one skinhead happened to grab the back of his coat. Garance tripped and hit his head. But he landed inside the club.”

“And the skinheads didn’t follow him inside?”

“No,” Sidney replied. “They either were terrified of a club full of fags, or they didn’t have enough money for the cover charge.”

“So he was spared.”

“Yes,” Sidney said. “That’s a nice little story, isn’t it?”

“It’s the only skinhead story I ever heard with a happy ending,” Gregor said.

“Look,” Sidney hissed, grabbing Gregor’s arm. “He’s getting even luckier.”

Gregor looked across the bar.

An elderly man in a suit approached Garance and was busily chatting away.

“Aw, he takes that old geezer all the time,” Gregor said. “I’ve seen them leaving with one another hundreds of times.”

“Yes, I know,” Sidney said. “But do you know who that it?”

“Bassington-French, isn’t he?” Gregor asked.

“Kensington-Forbes,” Sidney corrected. “One of the most influential businessmen in the city. He works with computer disks I think.”

“Looks like a big tipper,” Gregor said.

“He would be, wouldn’t he?” Sidney said. “That’s why I said Garance was getting lucky.”

“Hmmm...” Gregor said. “Sometimes I wonder why I didn’t become a rent boy when was his age.”

“Me, too...” Sidney said with a sigh. “I was quite attractive, I must say!”

Gregor and Sidney watched Garance and Mr. Kensington-Forbes walk out the door of the Warthog Watering Hole.

\*\*\*\*\*

“I must say I’ve tried all the boys at the Watering Hole,” Mr. Kensington-Forbes said to his young sex slave for the evening. “And I like you best of all.”

“Why, thank you, dearie!” Garance said.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes winced.

He liked Garance’s body, but he hated the way the kid talked.

He decided to shut Garance up the best way he knew how.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes kissed Garance on his soft, moist lips.

Garance opened his mouth and took Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s thick tongue deep down his gullet.

He swallowed Mr. Kensington-Forbes’ alcohol-tinged spittle.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes dug down the dainty hustler’s throat as far as he could possibly go.

Garance purred in ecstasy.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s tongue was pulled from the boy’s mouth.

“Why don’t we make our way to the bedroom?” the businessman suggested.

“Do let’s!” Garance replied with glee.

The delicate young stud stood up, his amazingly thick cock throbbing in delight down his white cotton trousers.

Garance paused.

“Have you any rope?” he asked.

“Of course,” Mr. Kensington-Forbes replied. “You know I always keep a fresh supply.”

Mr. Kensington-Forbes looked Garance up and down.

The feel of the young boy’s firm body so close to his, the taste of his spit still lingering on Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s palate made the old man tremble in anticipation.

He had never tied anybody up before.

But he had always longed to, and had told Garance many times of his kinky desire.

And he always knew that his first victim of bondage would be Garance.

As much as the young hustler stimulated him, the man found the boy's manner of conversation rather annoying, to say the least.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes had always longed to gag that boy and shove his cock brutally up his ass without having Garance moan in delight while expounding on the sensations the cock was sending through his gripping ass.

Garance might have been a hot young stud, but he certainly spoke a pile of dog shit!

Once they had entered Mr. Kensington-Forbes's spacious and tastefully-furnished bedroom, the man ordered his sex slave to strip.

Garance eagerly undid the buttons of his silk white shirt.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes watched the young boy undress with eyes that smoldered with lust.

Garance shook the shirt from his slender torso.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes looked the kid's body up and down.

He sighed in delight.

Just one look at that well-proportioned, smooth flesh was worth the two hundred pounds Mr. Kensington-Forbes would have to pay the male prostitute!

Garance's pecs were slight but firm.

His nipples were tiny and pink and highly suckable.

Garance kicked off his shoes and sat down on the bed to remove his white trousers.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes licked his weathered lips and reached down to fondle his quickly-expanding crotch.

The trousers fell to the floor and Mr. Kensington-Forbes stared with greedy hunger at the hairless, firm thighs that appeared before him.

Garance stripped as if he were still working in one of those male entertainment houses in Soho.

He hadn't played That scene in a while.

But he sure knew his stuff!

He thrust his hips forward.

His slender fingers gripped the elastic around the top of his skin-tight underwear.

The huge bulge in those tight cotton shorts rivaled Mr. Kensington-Forbes's in size!

One of the things Mr. Kensington-Forbes loved most about Garance was the kid's thick, nine inch fuck pole.

Not that the older man would be requiring the service of Garance's member that evening, Mr. Kensington-Forbes was planning on binding the kid spread-eagle on his bed with his ass facing up, shoving a gag down his throat, and raping his tight, bobbing ass as Garance wriggled and squirmed to be set free.

"Gracious! Aren't you going to take off your clothes?" Garance asked. "I mean, please! I'm stripped naked, yet you still—"

"Shut your trap, faggot!" Mr. Kensington-Forbes snarled.

Garance sighed.

He had seen his fuck customer's cultured facade snap like that many times before.

The man really did get insulting and violent right before and during their fuck sessions.

But it would only be a matter of moments before the rabid, ruck-starved creature was transformed once again into dear Mr. Kensington-Forbes, respected business tycoon.

"On my back or on my front?" Garance asked quite simply.

The experienced hustler knew when it was discreet to remain brief.

"On your front, you bloody little poof!" Mr. Kensington-Forbes snapped, heading to a nightstand beside the bed for the cord of rope.

“I’m going to bugger your tight arse so brutally you won’t be able to walk for weeks!”

“Graci—”

“And shut your fucking mouth! Now! Or this will be the last time you ever sell your body in your life! Because you won’t have any body left to sell if I have to put up with your senseless chatter much longer!”

Garance was quite taken aback.

He knew that his manner of speaking was not very natural, but he had never expected an old customer like Mr. Kensington-Forbes to insult him quite so personally!

Garance had never seen the man act so intense, so rude in all the times he had serviced his wrinkled, ten inch cock.

Garance began to tremble slightly as Mr. Kensington-Forbes approached him with the thick cord of rope.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes grabbed the hustler’s naked body and flung it to the bed.

Garance gasped in terror and began to squeal for help.

His cries, however, were soon reduced to useless muffled grunts as Mr. Kensington-Forbes wrapped a handkerchief around his open mouth and tied it behind the boy’s head as tightly as possible.

The man threw back his head and guffawed with evil laughter.

“That’ll shut your whining little trap for the rest of the night!” he sniggered. “Now, get on your chest and prepare to be tied up and raped!”

Garance’s eyes grew wide.

He stared at the sex-crazed older man who was groping his crotch with fuck-hungry lust.

In the other hand Mr. Kensington-Forbes held the thick cord of rope.

Garance’s body slid across the frilly quilt that covered the king-sized bed.

He got into position as he had been ordered.

He spread his legs.

He spread his arms.

His exposed ass seemed incredibly naked at that moment.

He could tell that Mr. Kensington-Forbes was staring greedily at it.

Suddenly the man pounced on his prey.

He savagely grabbed Garance's left wrist and tightly wrapped the rope around the slender joint.

Garance writhed in pain.

The rope dug into his tender flesh.

He would be raw and sore after the sex session was completed.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes was certainly getting carried away that evening!

If he hadn't been such a regular customer, Garance would have put his clothes back on and stormed out of the bedroom.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes pulled the boy's bound wrists towards the corresponding bedposts.

Garance attempted to squeal with pain from underneath the handkerchief that gagged his mouth.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes was really hurting him! The old man's eyes glowed with devilish glee as he wound the rope around the bedpost.

After he made sure it was secure, he began to work on Garance's right wrist.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes's nostrils flared as his breathing became more and more labored.

His hands trembled in delight as he wrapped the rope around the delicate, china-like flesh of Garance's wrist.

He giggled with horny glee as he bounded to the opposite side of the bed and pulled apart Garance's thighs.

Binding each ankle and securing each foot to a bedpost made the older man's cock swell and twitch and jump with horny heat in the confines of his



pin-striped trousers.

He looked up at the kid's ass.

The meaty cheeks had been separated slightly when the legs had been pulled apart and tied to the bedposts.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes could almost peek a look at the tiny, pink asterisk that lurked in the hot, moist butt crack!

The entrance to Garance's shit chute!

The tunnel of love that would soon feel the throbbing ten inches that hung between Mr. Kensington-Forbes's old but firm thighs!

## CHAPTER TWO

“Yeah!” Mr. Kensington-Forbes gurgled. “I’m sure as hell going to enjoy this!”

He stood at the foot of the bed and looked at the kid’s bound body.

Garance had tried to struggle free, but his attempts had been made in vain.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes had tied his ankles and wrists so tightly that he could barely shiver, let alone wriggle!

His joints already ached.

His mouth was parched.

The vociferous young stud had given up begging for help a few moments earlier.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes had the dainty young prostitute under his command!

Garance closed his eyes and waited for the brutal sodomy to begin.

He was glad he was getting paid to undergo all that torture!

He would have to ask for an additional charge the next time.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes was getting a bit too big for his britches!

“He better give me a big goddamn tip!” Garance muttered to himself.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes stripped the clothes from his body.

His flesh was slightly flabby, taking into consideration the man’s advanced age.

But Mr. Kensington-Forbes had been quite a burly rugby player during his youth, and the effects of that strenuous activity engaged in daily still showed in the impressive form of his body.

He had been quite a stud himself thirty years before!

Mr. Kensington-Forbes's thick, gnarled fingers groped lewdly at Garance's fleshy butt cheeks.

"Oh, yeah! I love the feel of your hot, young arse!" Mr. Kensington-Forbes grunted. "My fingers love it now, but my big cock is going to love it much, much more!"

Garance had no doubt that this would be true.

None of his customers had ever been disappointed in the expert way the dainty young stud gripped their cocks with his talented butt muscles.

He wondered, however, if he could still concentrate on clamping down upon Mr. Kensington-Forbes's plummeting member when the ropes that bound him to the bed were digging into his flesh so painfully.

It would be rather hard to concentrate on much else!

But Garance knew that he couldn't let his customer down.

The man had paid quite a substantial sum for the use of Garance's ass, after all.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes got up on the bed.

His big, aged body straddled Garance's perky young form.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes reached to the nightstand by the bed and pulled out a tube of his favorite lubricating jelly.

He squeezed a generous amount on his hand and began to lovingly caress his rigid member with the cool, translucent jelly.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes's cock head was hot and throbbing and ready for action.

Even the feet of his own hand greasing his shaft was threatening to make his geyser of fuck juice squirt from his blood-engorged cock head.

"Here I go, faggot!" Mr. Kensington-Forbes growled.

He lined his cock up to the tiny pink rosette of Garance's talented butt hole.

The older man's fist-sized head pressed between the warm ass cheeks.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes sighed.

Nothing felt better than the smooth, hairless skin of youth!

Mr. Kensington-Forbes tensed his body for the big entrance.

He thrust his hips forward.

His fat cock head plopped deep up Garance's tight ass.

The young hustler's head shot up in anguish.

He tried to scream, but the handkerchief had been tied around his mouth too tightly to let more than a muffled groan escape.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes buried himself up to the hilt in the hot stud's creamy ass.

"Oh, yeah, kid!" he grunted. "YYEEAAHH!" Mr. Kensington-Forbes began to pump away.

Garance gripped the man's plummeting shaft with his sphincter muscle.

The walls of his rectal passage clamped down upon the violating tool.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes could feel the dank moistness of Garance's shit chute scrape against the flesh of his well-greased cock.

His fingers dug into Garance's ass.

Although moments before, Garance had found it quite impossible to shift even slightly on the bed, he was amazed to find that he could buck his hips up slightly to meet the elderly man's brutal strokes.

Just what Mr. Kensington-Forbes liked!

The burly, virile man closed his eyes and continued to pump away with hearty strokes up the ass of the kid he had just bound and gagged.

His meaty balls smacked the gently bobbing butt.

His fingers groped at the young, firm flesh.

He was going to shoot his load in seconds!

Already sperm was bubbling in his balls!

How could it be possible for Mr. Kensington-Forbes to shoot his wad so quickly?!

But that was one of the reasons that Mr. Kensington-Forbes was always prepared to pay so highly for the use of Garance's ass.

He had never found one that aroused the passions in his loins to such an amazing extent!

"Hold on tight, queer! I'm gonna shoot my load!" Garance was prepared.

The rope still burned his wrists and ankles, but he was actually enjoying the sensation of being held captive on a bed in that manner.

Being held captive with a thick, long cock invading his ass.

Buggering his hole.

Impaling his butt with fuck-hungry lust!

Mr. Kensington-Forbes had barely begun sweating when he felt the sperm shoot up his shaft.

He strained his cock to prevent the fountain of fuck juice from exploding so quickly into Garance's hole.

But it was too late.

With a shriek that could probably have been heard in Camden Town, Mr. Kensington-Forbes began pumping his cock deep up the butt of his dainty sex slave.

Garance knew from their numerous times together that Mr. Kensington-Forbes came with remarkable speed.

But he also knew that once the dam had broken, his ass would be whitewashed with a seemingly endless supply of thick love liquid.

Every time Mr. Kensington-Forbes came up his ass, it seemed to the gorgeous hustler that a gallon or more of creamy jism was emptied up his butt.

That evening was no exception.

"UNGH!! UNNNGGHH!" Mr. Kensington-Forbes grunted as his shaft plummeted as deep into Garance's bowels as was possible by the laws of nature.

The two fuck-locked figures bumped and humped with one another until the hefty supply of jism had been depleted.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes gasped as the last droplet of sperm squirt from his dickhead.

His exhausted body collapsed on top of the bound young hustler.

Garance groaned as the air was knocked out of his fragile form.

Stars danced before his eyes.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes's cock gradually deflated while still lodged up Garance's expensive ass.

He tugged his thick, floppy member out of the kid's hole with a resounding plop!

"Mmm! I sure enjoyed that!" Mr. Kensington-Forbes said.

Garance made tiny whining noises, urging the man to ungag him.

But Mr. Kensington-Forbes was no fool. He was going to keep that obnoxious trap shut for as long as possible.

He glanced at his watch.

He still had Garance's ass rented for another hour and a half.

The man smiled to himself.

He would fuck Garance a few more times while the kid squirmed in silence.

And only when ninety minutes were up would he allow the kid to speak.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes greased himself up again and prepared for a second helping of tight, young butt meat.

\*\*\*\*\*

The young people that go to the Warthog Watering Hole aren't all hustlers, of course.

A pub could hardly survive if its only clients were studs and their johns.

There are a number of kids that hung out at the Warthog Watering Hole for whatever reason.

Some liked the name of the place.

Some liked the cheap beers.

Some liked the songs on the jukeboxes.

Most, however, felt a vicarious thrill watching their peers pick up old men for money.

The sleaziness of the place attracted them. This isn't to say that the non-hustling kids that went to the pub were all scumbags.

On the contrary; most came from upper class backgrounds.

Most came from loving families that tried to shield them from the horrors of the world.

That is why they liked the Warthog Watering Hole.

They saw life at its rawest.

They saw life at its truest.

No rose-colored glasses for them!

Take David Royale, for instance.

He was one of the typical non-hustler youths that frequented the Warthog Watering Hole.

He had moved away from home the summer before.

His (rather rich) parents had disowned him.

They had wanted their son to take over the computer factory their father owned.

David wanted no part of it.

So they wanted no part of him.

And they would not give him any part of the family fortune.

David had found a job as a waiter in one of the numerous Leicester Square tourist-trap restaurants.

The tips were all right, but he had to struggle occasionally to pay the rent.



David was a bright boy nearing his twenties.

He might not have inherited the family fortune, but he got his blonde hair from his mother and his piercing blue eyes from his father.

David was so good looking that he was continually mistaken for one of his hustler friends.

He politely declined any request for sexual activities with men over forty.

David was content to sip lagers in the bar and chat with the hustlers.

One of David's closest hustler friend was Garance Rue di Rivoli.

One of David's closest non-hustler friends was Jussi Trenolen.

Jussi was a young Finn who had come to London with dreams of stardom dancing in his eyes.

He wanted to be a viola player with the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

The closest Jussi had gotten, however, was playing his viola in the tube stations.

Jussi was a busker.

He made his living from the coins tourists dropped into his hat as they passed in the underground corridor.

Jussi and David regularly met at the Warthog Watering Hole.

Unlike David, Jussi had a burning desire to sell his body.

He didn't make much money playing the viola in the tube stations.

Unfortunately, David made a much better hustler than Jussi.

Jussi wasn't ugly.

But his looks wouldn't have a horny businessman dipping into his wallet for some hot fuck action.

It may seem ironic, then, that David and Jussi fooled around with one another.

David didn't really think about Jussi's average looks.

He just liked the feel of his best friend's hands on his body.

He liked it when Jussi shoved his big dick up his bunghole.

He liked it when Jussi wrapped his lips around his throbbing member.

David and Jussi usually spent a few hours in the Warthog Watering Hole before going over to David's bedsit to mess around.

As was their custom, Jussi met David one Wednesday afternoon around three o'clock.

The pub was deserted.

Even Garance hadn't shown up yet.

David chatted to Sidney and Gregor over a half a pint.

He was relieved when Jussi finally came in, viola case in hand.

"Hello, Jussi!" David said, beaming. "How were the tips today?"

"Awful, just awful," Jussi replied in his clipped Finnish accent.

"Too bad," David said. "Let me buy you a pint."

"I would appreciate it." Jussi said gratefully.

He placed his viola case on the floor and was about to sit at a bar stool when David shook his head.

"Let's get a quiet alcove," he said.

"Okay," Jussi replied.

"Two pints of lager," David said to Sidney.

"Coming right up," Sidney replied.

The bartender passed David one of his many horny smiles.

David rolled his eyes, tossed two pounds on the counter and took the beers.

Jussi picked up the change and followed his friend to the back of the bar.

"Let me put some songs on the jukebox," David said. "That way we can have a conversation in private."

Jussi was rather confused at David's strange behavior, but he didn't say anything.

He watched David walk to the jukebox and press a few selections.

The strains of "Ever So Lonely" by Monsoon filled the air of the nearly-deserted pub.

"I haven't heard this in a few years," Jussi said, pleasantly surprised. "What else did you play?"

"'Sign of the Times'."

"Prince?"

"No, the Belle Stars," David replied.

"Another good oldie," Jussi said.

"And 'It's My Party' by Dave Stewart and Barbara Gaskin."

"You're taking a real trip down memory lane today," Jussi said.

David shrugged.

"I guess I'd rather think about the past than the present today," he said.

"What is the matter with you today?" Jussi asked, taking off his overcoat. "You've been acting rather strange!"

"Oh, it's that horrid bartender," David said, nodding in Sidney's direction. "He always leers at me so. I guess he doesn't want to touch any of the other guys because he'd have to pay for them. He must figure he can get me for free."

"He's not that bad," Jussi said, looking over at Sidney.

"Quit looking over there!" David hissed. "He'll know we're talking about him! That's why I wanted to play some music!"

"Speaking of music," Jussi said. "I dropped by the Virgin Megastore on my way over here."

"So that's why you were late," David said. "And I was stuck chatting to that creep and his equally creepy partner."

“Sorry,” Jussi said. “But I had to see if the new Sugarcubes single was out.”

“The Sugarcubes?” David asked. “Who are they?”

“Oh, David!” Jussi sighed. “How many times do I have to tell you about these groups?!”

“I’m sorry,” David said, grimacing. “We have quite a few things in common, Jussi, but music isn’t one of them. I can’t remember all the groups you like. They change from week to week, after all.”

Jussi smiled with guilty indulgence.

“I guess I do get tired of them rather quickly,” he said. “Anyway, the Sugarcubes are that Icelandic group. You know, the one that sang ‘Birthday.’”

“I remember now,” David said. “Did you find their new single at the record store?”

“No,” Jussi said. “They had just sold out.”

“That’s too bad,” David said.

“Not really,” Jussi replied. “I couldn’t afford it anyway. I don’t even know why I bothered to look.”

David tenderly fondled Jussi’s knee.

“You know you can borrow money from me any time you want,” David said.

“I hate to do that,” Jussi replied.

David gulped down his beer.

“Well, can I at least buy you another pint?” he asked.

“Sure,” Jussi said, grinning.

“Do me a favor, though,” David said.

“What? Go buy it for you so that you won’t have to deal with Sidney?”

“How did you guess?” David said dryly. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a five pound note.

“You must have had a good night last night,” he said.

“I sure did,” David replied. “One table gave me a ten pound tip!”

“You’re so charming to all those tourists,” Jussi said.

“Well I sure as hell aren’t giving them hand jobs under the table!” David replied.

Jussi took the money and went to the bar.

When he returned, he stared deeply into David’s eyes.

“Hey,” he said. “After we finish these beers why don’t we drop by your place?”

A horny grin creased David’s face.

“That sounds like a good idea to me,” he said.

“And we won’t go there to discuss music!”

“Your landlord won’t be around, will he?”

“I hope not.” David said. “Damn homophobe lurking in the hallways.”

“It must be difficult having your landlord living in the same building as you,” Jussi said.

“Especially when the rent’s due and I’ve had a bad week at the restaurant,” David said.

“Listen,” Jussi said. “If he’s not around, why don’t we take a shower together?”

David’s eyes lit up with horny delight.

“I wouldn’t mind,” he said. “Too bad you don’t have a shower in your bedsit.”

“Well, we can always sneak into the public shower and take one together,” David said. “As long as you don’t grunt and groan as you usually do when we get it on.”

“I do not grunt and groan!” Jussi protested weakly.

He knew David was telling the truth.

Jussi finally grinned at his lover.

“Okay,” he said. “I’ll be as quiet as I possibly can. Now let’s drink up and go. I don’t want Garance or somebody to walk in. We might end up chatting for hours in this place.”

“And getting totally pissed out of our minds to boot,” David added. “I’d never be able to get it up!”

But get it up David did.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Shh!’ David warned with a giggle. “Ernie’s home with his wife. I don’t want him to hear us!”

“Okay,” Jussi said.

The two kids stripped off their clothes.

David turned on the shower water.

“Come on,” David urged. “Get in here with me! It’ll be a tight squeeze, but I’m sure we’ll fit!”

Jussi climbed into the shower stall.

Jussi dropped to his knees in the spray of the shower between David’s trembling thighs.

He firmly grasped the kid’s legs and dove down upon his soaking, stiff rod.

David groaned and ground his shaft deep down Jussi’s throat.

Jussi took every last inch that was offered him.

Which, of course, was David’s entire cock.

His nose pressed against his buddy’s soapy pubic hair.

The water beat down upon the boys’ trembling bodies.

David’s fingers slid through Jussi’s sopping wet hair.

Jussi’s hands slid up the back of David’s exhausted thighs.

David grunted as Jussi slid his fingers up his butte rack.

“Yeah!” David growled.

He rammed his cock between Jussi’s parted lips again and again.

Jussi gurgled with glee as he lapped up the offered prick flesh.

The water splashed around the feet of the two horny friends.

Jussi’s wet fingers fondled Jussi’s butt cheeks.

He slid his index finger up the guy’s butt crack.

David slowed down the force of his thrusts as he felt the sneaky finger sliding towards his hole.

Jussi pressed the tip of his finger into David’s pink asterisk of lust.

David’s sphincter muscle angrily protested the invasion.

But Jussi persisted.

His finger plowed forward.

David gasped and a shiver of delight coursed up his spine as Jussi’s finger popped past his sphincter muscle and plunged deep up his ass.

Jussi could feel David’s sphincter muscle wrap around his knuckle.

He wriggled his thick digit around the velvety snugness of the buy’s rectum.

David groaned.

His head flew back.

His lips parted and he gurgled as the tepid shower water rained down upon his upturned face.

Jussi’s finger wriggled up and down his tight butt hole.

His lips slurped cock meat.

David began to pick up the thrusts of his shaft.

His hips worked firmly back and forth.

Jussi kept up the rhythm.

Every time David thrust his hips forward, Jussi’s finger would pull almost completely out of his ass.



He would gobble the cock deep down his throat.

When he pulled back, the cock would slide out of Jussi's mouth until only the blood-engorged head remained lodged inside.

And his cock would plunge up his ass.

David's soapy balls smacked against Jussi's chin.

The hot cock sucking action continued...

## CHAPTER THREE

Water continued to fall around Jussi and David.

The two cock-hungry friends were soaked in a heated waterfall of lust.

David knew that he had to shoot his wad quickly.

At any moment, they might be discovered by one of the other tenants.

Or even worse, the landlord with realize some kinky action was going on in his bathroom and go in search of them.

It would not be pleasant if he found one of his tenants fooling around with another male in the public showers!

So David concentrated on the feel of Jussi's lips around his shaft.

Of Jussi's tongue running up and down his cock.

Of Jussi's finger plunging in and out of his butt hole.

Squirming around eagerly in his shit chute.

He swiveled his hips and impaled Jussi on the end of his thick slab of meat again and again.

Jussi gasped and grunted.

His spit trickled out of his mouth even as the hot shower water ran down his face.

The two well-hung buddies would have been drenched in sweat, had they not been under the spray of the shower.

Their bodies shuddered with rapture.

Trembled with lust.

David's balls hit Jussi's chin with increasing vigor.

His cock dug brutally down his throat.

Bulldozed his mouth.

Burrowed between his lips.

And Jussi took every last inch.

Without a grunt of discomfort.

And how could the guy possibly complain?

He loved the taste of cock.

Especially David's meaty member.

Plus, Jussi spent so much time plunging his shaft down David's throat it would have been rather rude to complain.

So David heartily pumped away into his buddy's mouth.

Jussi continue to slide his finger in and out of Jussi's beefy butt.

Those meaty butt cheeks were dripping with water.

It trickled down the slopes and dribbled down the back of David's thighs.

The thighs that bulged with muscles.

Jussi hungrily took the shaft deep down his throat.

His lips wrapped around the plunging member.

His head bobbed up and down.

Back and forth.

His tongue slid over the thick veins that graced the shaft of the cock.

He poked the tip of his tongue into the piss-slit at the head of the cock.

David groaned and forced Jussi's head firmly upon his throbbing shaft.

David fucked Jussi's face.

And Jussi languished lovingly in every single thrust.

David's eyes were clamped shut in ecstasy. That is probably why he never saw David's landlord standing in the doorway of the bathroom.

Ernie Kowalczyk stared at the two hot, hung studs getting it on in the steamy shower.

But he was not staring with anger.

He was not staring in disgust.

Ernie Kowalczyk was staring at the two naked, horny guys with lust smoldering in his deep-set eyes!

His legs were spread.

His hand had crept towards his crotch.

As David's cock slid in and out between Jussi's full-bodied lips, Ernie Kowalczyk massaged the raging hard-on that had sprung up between his legs.

The horny landlord licked his lips with lust.

How he longed to pull out his cock and begin pumping on his shaft.

Hell!

He wanted even more to strip off his clothes and jump in the middle of the two boys!

Ernie Kowalczyk could imagine himself...

On his hand and knees under the hot, steaming streams of water.

David's cock sliding in and out of his mouth.

Jussi's cock pounding up his spread ass cheeks.

Ernie Kowalczyk narrowed his eyes.

He could almost imagine the taste of David's member.

He could almost feel Jussi's rod plummeting up his shit chute.

He could almost feel his ass tingling.

With pain.

With pleasure.

Ernie Kowalczyk sighed as he watched the two hung boys in action.

If only he had the nerve...

His wife was calling him from down the hall.

Supper was waiting for him.

How could Edna Kowalczyk ever realize...

Ernie Kowalczyk didn't want to eat chicken curry and drink a pint of Guinness at the moment.

He wanted to guzzle down thick wads of hot, creamy boy-jism!

Ernie Kowalczyk stared at the two rumping figures one last time.

He took in the mighty expanses of their firm, muscular flesh.

The almost unbelievably huge size of their members.

The looks of wild abandon on their young, handsome faces.

Ernie Kowalczyk felt his cock twitch hungrily in his double-knit polyester slacks.

But he had to go back to his apartment and join his wife for supper.

"Ernie!" Mrs. Kowalczyk called down the hallway. "What the hell is keeping you in the bathroom? Your curry's getting cold!"

Ernie Kowalczyk turned and slipped out of the bathroom, hoping his wife wouldn't notice the strange bulge in his crotch.

The faraway look in his eyes.

David and Jussi continued their hot and horny action under the shower waters.

"UNGH!" David gasped as he pounded his rod deep down Jussi's mouth.

"UNGH!"

"UNGH!"

That finger up his ass sent spasms of rapture through his aching limbs.

That mouth slurping down his shaft made his balls bubble uncontrollably.

David was going to shoot his wad down Jussi's throat!

Jussi was ready.

WHAM!

David pounded his hips into his buddy's face.

The cock popped down Jussi's throat.

The jism spurt from the piss-slit on the top of the blood-engorged head.

Jussi guzzled down the jism that emptied into his mouth.

He drank down every last ounce of hot love liquid that spurt from David's cock.

There seemed to be no end to the streams of come.

Jussi eagerly gulped them down, trying to swallow as quickly as he could.

Jism spurt out of his puckered lips.

It trickled down his face in the spray of the shower water.

David finally finished spurting his jism.

Jussi rolled the shaft around in his mouth a few more times for good measure.

Then he spat out the cock.

His finger popped out of David's ass.

Jussi wiped his lips clean.

He stood up under the spray of hot water.

"Soap yourself down, David!" Jussi gasped. "And let's get out of here!"

"Okay..."

\*\*\*\*\*

Garance was, as usual, hanging out at the Warthog Watering Hole waiting for a john.

He leaned against the wall, one foot pressed on the wall behind him.

Garance glanced down, making sure his bulge looked inviting.

It did.

His cock snaked down his left leg, looking like a hefty hose in his tight jeans.

His balls hung to the right.

Garance thought he looked a tasty treat, if he didn't say so himself.

He glanced at his reflection in a mirror across the pub.

A smug smile creased his face.

*Gracious!* Garance thought to himself. *I am quite a stunner this evening, aren't I?!*

He sipped his beer and looked around the room.

It was a slow night at the Warthog Watering Hole.

Garance thought it unfortunate.

He was desperate for money.

He wanted to buy a new pair of patent leather shoes.

And his stomach was rumbling with hunger.

Garance looked around for a likely john.

The few suited gentlemen in the Warthog Watering Hole seemed as if they had already chosen their partners for the evening.

Although they passed Garance furtive glances, they remained interested in the hot cute things they had already introduced themselves to.

*Damn!* Garance thought to himself. *I guess I got here too late. I hope some new action comes in soon...*

The door to the pub suddenly opened.

Garance shifted his head slightly, not wanting it to be obvious that he was staring at who came in.

One of the first rules of hustling Garance had ever learned was never to let a potential customer know you're desperate for him.

Garance eyed the door through the corner of his eye.

It was not new action.

It was David and Jussi.

An easy smile crossed Garance's face.



He hadn't seen his friends in a few days.

"Garance!" David called.

Jussi gave him a friendly wave.

They sauntered over, aware of all the aging eyes on their backs.

Garance motioned for the kids to sit beside him.

"I'll go get the drinks," Jussi said, eyeing Sidney suspiciously.

David, of course, looked relieved.

"Thank, Jussi," he said.

"How about you, Garance?" Jussi asked. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, dearie," Garance said, holding up an almost full glass of lager. "I'm quite fine, but thanks loads for asking."

Jussi crossed to the bar.

"How's business?" David asked in a hushed tone. "Doesn't look like much going on in here tonight."

"Gracious, dear!" Garance gasped. "How could you possibly tell?!"

He tittered at his little touch of sarcasm.

"If it doesn't pick up I think I'm going to have to go over to the Beehive. I'm desperate for money tonight."

"The Beehive?" David inquired. "Are you sure they'll let you in? They have a dress code, you know."

"Gautier, darling. Gautier," Garance said, his hands flowing over his clothing. "I might not be in a tuxedo, but they'll certainly recognize designer couture when they see it."

"I guess you're right," David said.

"Of course I'm right, honey!"

Jussi approached the table with two pints of lager.

"How are you this evening, Garance?" Jussi asked.

Garance sighed as he looked around the bar.

“Take a gander at these creatures and tell me what you think, dearest,” Garance said.

“I’d say you’re not going to get the rent paid on time,” Jussi replied with a smile.

“Pshaw!” Garance spat, his nose wrinkled with distaste. “Do you actually think I, Garance Rue di Rivoli, worries about such trivial matters as rent? Dearie, dearie me! What on the planet earth is happening to my reputation?”

“Sorry about that,” Jussi said, taking a sip of beer.

The three friends shared a chuckle.

The door to the Warthog Watering Hole opened once again.

As usual, most heads turned.

Garance looked out of the corner of his eye as usual.

His eyes grew wide with interest.

David and Jussi exchanged a quick glance.

“My God!” David whispered. “Who is that?!”

Garance turned angrily at the kid who had just swaggered into the door.

“Looks like an extra from an old Bonanza show,” he said spitefully.

A lanky, well-built hunk had just swaggered into the Warthog Watering Hole.

His muscular thighs were squeezed into a skin-tight pair of tattered jeans.

Perched atop a gorgeous, innocent face was a ten gallon cowboy hat.

On his feet were a pair of rattlesnake cowboy boots.

The bulge in his crotch rivaled Garance’s in size.

Garance stared with extreme jealousy and hatred at the new arrival.

“New trade in town I see,” Jussi muttered.

Garance glared at Jussi, his eyes flashing with hatred.

“You don’t have to rub it in, honey!” he spat.

Jussi was rather taken aback.

“Calm down, Garance,” David said. “What’s come over you.”

Garance’s eyes bored into the new hustler’s back.

He stared in disgust at the perfectly-formed bubble butt stretching the denim of the kid’s jeans.

“As if I didn’t have enough trouble tonight! Garance hissed. “How the hell am I going to get my new shoes if I have competition that looks like that?!”

“Don’t worry,” David said, patting his hand. “You know how it goes. After a few weeks all the regulars will have had him, and they’ll come back to old faithful.”

Garance gave David an icy stare.

“I do not appreciate being called ‘old faithful’,” he snapped.

Jussi and David shifted uncomfortably in their chairs.

New hustlers came and went in the Warthog Watering Hole, but they had never seen Garance react in such a crude manner towards one before.

“Silly little poofter!” Garance hissed. “I hope he trips over those disgusting boots he’s wearing. I mean, *really* dears! Spurs in this day and age?! And why is he wearing that unsightly hat? I bet he’s bald!”

“Control yourself, Garance,” David said. “You have nothing to worry about. Look who just came in. Mr. Kensington-Forbes. And he’s heading your way. So you see, you’ll be able to—”

“Shh!” Garance hissed. “Move away! I’ve got to get him out of here before he looks around and sees that... that... oooh! Words escape me! I bet he stuffs his crotch with toilet paper, too! Now push off, dears! Push off!”

Jussi and David hastily grabbed their beers and stumbled out of their seats.

They made a clean getaway just as Mr. Kensington-Forbes reached Garance.

Garance beamed with delight, a changed person.

Gone was the hatred and spitefulness that so markedly changed his personality moments before.

“Why, hello, dearie! And how are you this evening?!” Garance warbled, grinning eagerly into Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s wrinkled face. “Looking for some crude maneuvers between the sheets, I hope?”

Mr. Kensington-Forbes seemed slightly embarrassed.

“Really, Garance!” he whispered. “There’s no need to be so vulgar!”

Garance threw back his head and chortled with gay laughter.

“You know you love it, honey,” he said. “A few naughty words and your cock swells with hot blood.”

Mr. Kensington-Forbes cleared his throat and looked around the pub.

His eyes happened upon the new hot hunk in cowboy gear ordering a pint of lager at the bar.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s eyes grew wide with interest.

“Er... just one moment, Garance,” he said. “I think I should buy a drink before I go.”

Garance cast a look of hatred in the direction of the bar.

“Oh, please, no!” the faggoty queen begged. “Let’s leave NOW! I know you’re just starving to touch my supple young flesh! And each second that passes means my flesh is that much older! Let’s go NOW! NOW!”

The young hustler wrapped his fingers around Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s arm and attempted to drag him towards the door.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes shook himself free from Garance’s grip.

Garance pouted.

“What’s the matter?” he asked. “Don’t tell me you’re interested in that piece of rejected Gunsmoke trash at the bar?!”

“Actually, I am.” Mr. Kensington-Forbes said with quiet simplicity.

Garance hid his extreme anger as best he could, threw back his head and chortled with nervous laughter.

“Oh, puh-lease, Mr. Kensington-Forbes!” the kid giggled. “You can’t be telling the truth! Why, that old queen has been doing the scene for so long *everybodys* already had her! And...”

He pressed his mouth against Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s ear and whispered conspiratorially.

“And...” Garance hissed. “I hear he just came back from the clinic today. Absolutely crawling with diseases, he was! Pumped so full of penicillin they had to make a special order! Why, I wouldn’t touch him for fear of death!”

“Cut the crap, Garance,” Mr. Kensington-Forbes snarled. “You know as well as I do he’s brand new on the scene. In fact, he looks like he just stepped off the plane from America. And you know much I like those Yankees.”

“Pshaw!” Garance said. “Just because he’s wearing a cowboy hat... I bet that creature was born and bred in Clapham Common!”

“I’ll just have to find that out for myself, won’t I?” Mr. Kensington-Forbes said.

Garance could hide his anger no longer.

“Listen here, mate!” he wailed. “I’ve been waiting all night long for you to walk in. I’m desperate for money, absolutely desperate! And you say you’re going to run off with that cheap whore in that ridiculous cowboy hat! Let me tell you, Mr. Kensington-Forbes! Just because—”

But Mr. Kensington-Forbes had already left Garance’s side and was walking towards the bar.

“Well!” Garance huffed.

He stormed towards the alcove David and Jussi had moved off to.

“Have a bit of trouble over there?” David asked.

“And you can just wipe that smug smile off your place!” Garance spat.

“Garance,” Jussi said seriously. “There’s no reason to get an acid tongue just because a regular of yours passed you over for a new guy on the scene.”

“Yes,” David agreed with a nod of the head. “After all, it’s certainly not the first time it’s happened.”

“And you know all your regulars come back to you after they’ve tried out the new one a few times. There’s hardly a rent boy in London that matches you for... er... well, you know what I mean...”

David cast a glance between Garance’s legs.

“I don’t care,” Garance huffed, calming down slightly.

He perched himself on a stool by their side.

“Have a drink.” Jussi said. “It might make you feel better.”

“I doubt it,” Garance said.

But he grabbed the pint of lager and guzzled down half the glass.

Garance swallowed and glared towards the bar.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes and the hustler in the cowboy outfit were deep in pleasant chatter.

Every time their laughter rang out, Garance stiffened.

“I can’t watch this travesty of prostitution in action!” he finally decided with a wail. “I’m going to the Beehive! I’ve got to get those shoes tomorrow. I simply *have* to!”

“Well, good night, then,” Jussi said.

“Yes, good night,” David echoed.

Garance stormed out of the Warthog Watering Hole.

David and Jussi exchanged a glance.

“Poor Garance,” David said. “You think he’d played this scene often enough, he would be able to handle a situation like this.”

“I think it’s this particular hustler that annoys him so much,” Jussi said.

“How do you mean?”

“Well, he has enough trouble with fellow British studs taking over the field. But when foreigners start moving in...”

“You really think that guy is American?” David asked.

Jussi shrugged.

“Who else would wear a cowboy hat?” he asked. “Terribly dated fashion statement, you know. Hasn’t been in style since *Urban Cowboy*.”

“I guess you’re right about that...” David said.

“Would you like another drink?” Jussi asked. “I could stand next to them at the bar while I order and see if he’s got an accent.”

“Good idea.” David said, reaching into his pocket. “Here’s a five pound note. I want the change back, please.”

“Of course,” Jussi said.

The Finn got up and walked rather unsteadily towards the bar.

He and David had consumed many beers since they arrived at the Warthog Watering Hole that evening.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s back faced Jussi as he walked up.

Jussi cast a glance in the hustler’s direction.

“Sure, man...” the kid was replying to the businessman. “Why, when I was growing up in Texas. I always thought that...”

Jussi recognized the slow drawl in the kid’s voice.

He was certainly American.

No wonder Mr. Kensington-Forbes wanted him over Garance!

How could a flaming British queen compete against a tough, hunky Yank in a cowboy hat?

## CHAPTER FOUR

“How long have you been in London?” Mr. Kensington-Forbes asked.

Raff shrugged his broad shoulders.

“I dunno,” he grunted in his deep voice. “A few days, I guess.”

“You’re new to this... er... scene, I think is the term they use. Aren’t you?” Mr. Kensington-Forbes wondered.

“Yeah,” Raff replied.

He stared between Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s legs, looking as interested as he possibly could.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes noticed the look.

His cock twitched with horny heat.

“Suppose we leave the rest of our drinks and go back to my place?” he said.

“Sounds find to me,” Raff replied.

“I trust your rates are reasonable?” Mr. Kensington-Forbes asked.

“You make a lot of money. You’ll be able to afford it,” Raff replied.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes chuckled.

“Impertinent little upstart!” Mr. Kensington-Forbes exclaimed.

Raff raised his eyebrows.

“Isn’t that what you like to pay for?” the American hustler asked.

“You know me so well,” Mr. Kensington-Forbes replied.

“And we’ve only just met!”

Mr. Kensington-Forbes chuckled.

Raff adjusted his cowboy hat at a snazzy angle and clicked his spurs.

“Let’s get outta this dump,” he said.



Sidney and Gregor were not amused at the comment.

They were glad the hustler was leaving.

They hoped he wouldn't return.

Raff had been less than polite to them.

Didn't the bastard know they had the power to eighty-six him from the Warthog Watering Hole?

Apparently he didn't care.

Raff sneered across the bar at them, wrapped his arm around Mr. Kensington-Forbes's shoulder and swaggered out of the joint.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. Kensington-Forbes stared.

"One hundred and fifty pounds?!" he gasped. "Why, that's highway robbery!"

"Take it or leave it," Raff said with an easy shrug. "I can find plenty of men out there willing to pay that or more to feel the cock of a real American cowboy up their butt."

Mr. Kensington-Forbes pondered for a second.

It was quite a bit of money but, as Raff had already said, he could certainly afford it.

He stared between the kid's legs once again.

Raff's crotch bulged invitingly.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes ran a moist tongue around his lips.

"Well... er... I guess I have no choice but to pay. But don't expect to get a tip if you charge such outrageous rates!"

The businessman pulled his wallet out of his back pocket and counted out five twenty pound notes.

He handed them over.

Raff grabbed the money and stuffed it into his pocket.

“Thanks,” he growled.

He ran his fingers over Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s hands.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes cleared his throat.

His cock swelled with horny heat in the close confines of his executive slacks.

Raff’s strong fingers roamed over the man’s fully-clothed body.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes reflected that, if anything, Raff was certainly better built than Garance.

Perhaps he would be horrible in the sack, Mr. Kensington-Forbes would regret his decision and be back with Garance the next night.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes would have to wait and see how things worked out.

Raff grabbed Mr. Kensington-Forbes by the shoulder.

“Well. come on,” he drawled. “Let’s get into bed and start fucking.”

Mr. Kensington-Forbes was rather taken aback by the boy’s impertinence.

“These Americans!” he muttered under his breath.

But the man took another look between the Yankee stud’s legs and quickly nodded his head.

“Right you are, son,” he said.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes reached down and kneaded the bulge between his legs.

His cock had been steadily swelling ever since he had approached Raff outside the record store.

The thought of being fucked up the ass by a burly American stud was quite a hot proposition.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes couldn’t wait to feel those thick eleven inches ramming up his tight ass.

He quickly followed the swaggering stud into the back room.

Raff kicked off his cowboy boots.

They clattered noisily to the floor.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes did the same with his Oxfords.

Raff took off his cowboy hat and tossed it to the side.

It sailed across the room and landed on the bed post.

Raff sat on the edge of the bed and took off his socks.

He unbuttoned his tattered jeans.

He pulled down his fly.

The young hustler struggled to pull his jeans over his legs.

His stiff cock popped into sight.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes, still fully clothed in his Brooks Brothers suit, fell to his knees on the floor before Raff and pounced on the slab of pulsating fuck meat.

Half of Raff's cock disappeared between Mr. Kensington-Forbes's whether lips.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes gagged on the fat prick.

It slipped out of his mouth.

"Jesus!" he said. "I've haven't sucked a dick in years, but I would have thought it would be a bit easier to get back into the swing of things! Maybe your cock is too big to handle! It's twice the size of Garance's!"

Raff laughed and wrapped his fingers around his amazingly thick shaft.

The girth was so wide that even Raff himself couldn't fit his hands around the entire length of the shaft.

"I usually tell my customers to relax the muscles in their throats," Raff grunted. "It seems to work wonders."

Mr. Kensington-Forbes took a deep breath and tried again.

He felt the fist-sized knob of Raff's cock band against the back of his mouth.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes looked down.

There were still six more inches of throbbing cock meat waiting to enter his mouth.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes repositioned the angle of his neck.

He bent down his head.

The cock flesh slowly slid down his throat.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes could feel the thick bush of pubic hair that surrounded the base of Raff's cock coming closer and closer to his lips.

His mouth became more and more stuffed with thick, hot cock flesh.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes gasped as his nose suddenly pressed against the bush of pubic hairs.

His chin banged against Raff's big and beefy balls.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes had actually taken the entire shaft down his throat!

The big hustler grunted.

Raff spread his legs and allowed Mr. Kensington-Forbes's mouth labor on his cock.

He could feel his stiff shaft buried deep in the moist warmth of the businessman's throat.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes worked the gargantuan prick slowly out of his mouth.

Raff's dick slid from between Mr. Kensington-Forbes's until only the blood-engorged cock head remained lodged in the wet darkness.

Then Mr. Kensington-Forbes began to swallow the meaty member once again.

He slowly worked Raff's cock in and out of his dribbling mouth.

In and out.

In and out.

Raff gasped.

He could feel Mr. Kensington-Forbes's tongue flicker all over the surface of his swollen shaft.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes caressed the dick with his tongue.

He continued to pull it in and out of his mouth.

Raff could feel the smooth, moist lips wrapping around his cock.

He could feel Mr. Kensington-Forbes's tricky tongue lapping at the tiny piss-slit that graced the tip of his cock.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes's fat, wet tongue rolled around the base of Raff's cock head.

Raff figured that Mr. Kensington-Forbes's mouth had finally become accustomed to such a large stranger invading its palate.

He began to buck his hips up to meet Mr. Kensington-Forbes's slowly bobbing head.

Raff gripped Mr. Kensington-Forbes's head with both his hands.

"Yeah, man!" the American hustler grunted.

A look of ecstasy creased his rugged facial features.

"Take my big Yankee dick down your throat. My big cowboy dick."

Mr. Kensington-Forbes felt the head of the cock gliding down his gullet.

He felt the shaft moving in and out his mouth.

He wrapped his lips around his top teeth to avoid scraping against the slowly-plunging cock.

Raff began to pick up speed.

His hips worked back and forth.

Faster and faster.

"Shit, man!" Raff grunted. "Suck my fat cock meat!"

His fingernails dug into Mr. Kensington-Forbes's balding scalp.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes winced.

But he loved the pain.

His head throbbed almost as much as his cock throbbed painfully in his polyester executive slacks.

Begging to be released.

“Move that tongue over my cock! Lick my big prick!”

Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s tongue flew across the veins that graced Raff’s cock.

Raff’s dick was now pumping furiously in and out of Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s mouth.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes could feel that meaty member banging against the back of his mouth.

Each time Raff plunged his cock forward, Mr. Kensington-Forbes would let it pop down his throat.

Soon, the aging businessman was gasping for breath.

Raff’s dick glistened with spit.

Spit dribbled down Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s chin.

Then Raff suddenly pulled his cock out of the man’s mouth.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes massaged his aching jaw.

“Take off those trousers and let me fuck your butt,” Raff growled.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes was very aroused.

A horny grin spread across his lips.

“My prick can’t wait for this!” the businessman sighed.

“Forget your cock tonight,” Raff said. “It’s had more than its share of ramming up young kids’ butts. Now it’s *your* turn to get fucked!”

Mr. Kensington-Forbes pulled his trousers to his ankles and kicked them off his feet.

Raff took the customary gasp of amazement upon watching one of his john’s cocks bounce into the air.

Then he forced the businessman down on the bed.

“Roll over.” the stud demanded once Mr. Kensington-Forbes had stripped off his shirt.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes turned around on the sheets.

He thrust his hips back and offered Raff his rear end.

Raff stared with fuck-starved lust at the slightly wrinkled slopes of Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s butt cheeks.

The hustler’s fingers shot out and kneaded Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s ass globes.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes groaned in delight at the feel of Raff’s firm fingers massaging his butt globes.

“That feels great!” the old man gasped’ “Your fingers are much thicker than Garance’s!”

“Well, this’ll feel even thicker,” Raff said, taking his massive fuck tool with both hands and placing it between Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s butt cheeks.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s head shot up in alarm.

“My God!” he gasped. “You better grease up that thing, young man!”

“I will,” Raff said. “I just wanted to rest my cock up your hot butt crack for a second.”

After the feel of his dry cock resting snugly up Mr. Kensington-Forbes’s smooth butt flesh had sufficiently gotten Raff horny, the hustler removed his shaft from the man’s butt globes.

Raff grabbed for the tube of jelly he always carried in his jeans.

He squeezed some of the translucent jelly onto the palm of his hand.

He rubbed it over his cock, making sure that every last inch of his shaft was coated with the slick, greasy stuff.

Raff’s fingers lingered longer than usual at the tip of his cock.

He greased up that fist-sized knob until it was dripping.

Then he squirt some of the jelly on two fingers of his right hand.

He pulled Mr. Kensington-Forbes's butt cheeks apart with the fingers of his left hand.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes grunted in delight as the hustler rubbed the jelly up his ass crack.

He wailed with rapture as the American stud lingered for a few seconds on the tiny pink star which marked the entrance to Mr. Kensington-Forbes's tight shit chute.

The well-lubed tips of Raff's fingers slid inside the tight, hot hole for a few seconds.

Then he pulled them out.

Raff's cock and Mr. Kensington-Forbes's ass were totally greased for action.

Ready for some hot butt fuck action.

Raff knelt down on the bed between Mr. Kensington-Forbes's outstretched legs.

He pressed the turgid knob of his cock between Mr. Kensington-Forbes's slick butt cheeks.

"Shove it all the way in me, boy!" Mr. Kensington-Forbes begged. "I paid for it! Let me feel it all!"

"You want it hard?"

"Ram that big thing up my arse!" Mr. Kensington-Forbes begged.

That was really all the encouragement Raff's customer had to give him.

The kid took a deep breath.

He arched his back.

WHAM!

Mr. Kensington-Forbes's head shot up and his entire body trembled with agony and rapture as he was suddenly impaled on the end of eleven inches of thick, steaming dick flesh.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes's rectum stretched and tugged to make way for the invader.



Raff's cock reamed that tight, hot asshole as brutally as it could.

SMACK!!

Raff's wrinkled orbs packed full of steaming jism slapped against Mr. Kensington-Forbes's wrinkled butt cheeks.

"YYEEAAHH!" the old man wailed.

Raff smiled smugly to himself as he quickly pumped the shit out of Mr. Kensington-Forbes's asshole.

He knew by the man's reaction that Mr. Kensington-Forbes liked his fuck sessions hot and heavy.

He wanted the man to feel every last inch of his stiff fuck meat.

Raff was willing to fuck his customer any way he wanted.

So the kid tensed every muscle in his body.

He took a deep breath.

And he began to pound the hell out of Mr. Kensington-Forbes's tight asshole.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes grabbed at the bed sheets until the knuckles of his fists grew white.

His head flew back and forth over the bed in rapture.

His brawny body bucked and squirmed as he was repeatedly raped by Raff's monstrous slab of fuck meat.

"You want it harder?" Raff grunted, his mouth set in a serious grimace.

The hustler's hips flew back and forth in a whirl of furious action.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes's ass bucked up to meet the generous thrusts.

The businessman took every last inch of that cock meat up his fuck-starved hole.

"YES!" Mr. Kensington-Forbes wailed. "HARDER!! FUCK ME HARDER WITH YOUR BIG COCK!!"

Raff grabbed hold of Mr. Kensington-Forbes's bobbing ass for leverage as his thrusts became more and more savage.

More and more brutal.

He swiveled his hips and rammed his cock home up Mr. Kensington-Forbes's ass the same way he fucked all his customers.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes begged for more.

His ass just couldn't get enough of Raff's stiff fuck meat!

Raff didn't slow down.

If anything, the kid just fucked faster and more savagely.

Sweat dripped down his firm, young arms.

Coursed down his thighs.

Rolled down his meaty pecs.

His butt muscles flexed each time he drove his cock home.

And still Mr. Kensington-Forbes wanted more.

The businessman's cock pressed against the bed sheets.

Every time Raff buried himself up to the hilt in the man's ass, Mr. Kensington-Forbes's shaft would rub against the sheets.

The man's big balls were squashed underneath the weight of his thighs.

Those beefy balls trembled in delight.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes's prostate gland was getting the workout of its life!

Spasm after rapturous spasm of orgasmic delight shook Mr. Kensington-Forbes's every limb.

He wrapped his colon around Raff's plummeting member as tightly as he could.

His rectum pressed upon the plunging invader.

Raff gasped and grunted as he felt the leathery walls of Mr. Kensington-Forbes's ass milk his plunging cock.

And still the boy kept fucking.

It was the first time Mr. Kensington-Forbes had been fucked by the hustler.

But Mr. Kensington-Forbes already knew it wouldn't be the last.

Although the American was more expensive than Garance, Mr. Kensington-Forbes would be glad to pay a few extra pounds for superior service.

Again and again the cock plummeted home, sending spasms of rapture coursing through the bodies of both men.

“GONNA COME! GONNA SHOOT MY WAD!” Mr. Kensington-Forbes wailed.

“WAIT!” Raff ordered, his cock gliding in and out of the beefy butt cheeks.

“JUST... WAIT... FOR... ME!!”

Raff could feel the jism in his balls getting ready to explode.

He could feel Mr. Kensington-Forbes's muscles tensing up.

He knew his john was about to shoot.

Raff grinned.

He knew Mr. Kensington-Forbes was going to spurt his jism because Raff was fucking his ass better than anybody had ever fucked him before!

And suddenly Mr. Kensington-Forbes could not delay the inevitable any more.

He threw back his head and shrieked like a thing possessed as load after load of jism exploded from his blood-engorged cock head.

The sheets under Mr. Kensington-Forbes's sweaty body were soon slick with come.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes began to roll in his own sperm, loving the feel of the sticky liquid that covered his torso.

Covered his balls.

Covered his exhausted prick.

And suddenly Mr. Kensington-Forbes felt more of that hot creamy stuff spurting forth.

But this time it was not Mr. Kensington-Forbes's cock that was doing the spurting.

It was Raff's.

"YYEEAAHH!" the young hustler wailed, his hips pounding against Mr. Kensington-Forbes's ass again and again. "TAKE IT!! TAKE MY COME!! TAKE MY HOT JISM UP YOUR BUTT!"

And Mr. Kensington-Forbes did.

The businessman milked that cock until the very last drop was gone.

Raff had shot his load.

He was pleased.

He pulled his cock out of Mr. Kensington-Forbes's ravaged ass.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes's hair was a tossed mess.

His body was exhausted.

Covered with his own jism.

His ass was greasy and red.

His butt hole ached.

But Mr. Kensington-Forbes had enjoyed the fuck.

He had enjoyed the brutal butt fucking more than he had ever enjoyed a night in the sack with Garance.

The two lay side by side on the bed, attempting to regain their breath.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes's cock soon deflated.

So did Raff's.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes reached over and cupped Raff's balls in his gnarled hand.

Raff flashed the man a grin.

"How did you like that?" he asked.

“Like it?” Mr. Kensington-Forbes asked. “I loved it!”

“Great,” Raff replied. “I hope that means I’m getting a big tip.”

“Of course you are,” Mr. Kensington-Forbes replied.

## CHAPTER FIVE

“So,” Raff said in his easy-going drawl. “How did I do? Was I better than your usual whore? What’s his name again? Garance?”

Mr. Kensington-Forbes nodded.

“Let me put it this way,” the businessman said. “I’m never going to waste my well-earned money on that silly little queer again.”

“I guess that must mean I’m pretty good,” Raff said, a smug smile on his face.

“You’re not very modest, are you?” Mr. Kensington-Forbes asked.

Raff patted the limp cock that curled lazily over his left thigh.

“With a monster like this between my legs, there’s no reason to be,” he said.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes snorted.

“I suppose that’s true,” the man said.

He looked for a second at the naked young man lying in bed next to him.

“Could you please reach into that drawer and fetch me a cigarette?” he asked.

“Can’t you get it yourself?” Raff asked.

“I’m paying you enough money for two hours of your time,” Mr. Kensington-Forbes explained. “You should be washing my windows as well!”

Raff eyed the man with distrust, but reached into the drawer nevertheless.

He pulled out a pack of Dunhills, plucked out two and stuck them in his mouth.

“Do you have a light?” Raff mumbled through the cigarettes.

“In the drawer,” Mr. Kensington-Forbes instructed.

Raff dug into the drawer and pulled out a lighter.

He lit the cigarettes and handed one to Mr. Kensington-Forbes.

“Thank you,” Mr. Kensington-Forbes said.

They puffed in silence for a moment.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes looked over at Raff once again.

He had to admit the kid was damn good looking.

His cock twitched with horny heat under the covers once again.

“Tell me something about yourself,” Mr. Kensington-Forbes said.

“What do you want to know?” Raff asked.

“Well, I know you won’t tell me your age—” Mr. Kensington-Forbes began.

“Why would you think I wouldn’t tell you my age?” Raff asked.

“Because you’re a hustler,” Mr. Kensington-Forbes explained. “Don’t you think I, as a customer, would know better than most that age is the name of this game?”

“I guess you’re right.”

“Damn right I’m right!” Mr. Kensington-Forbes exclaimed. “You think I would pay one hundred and fifty pounds for some old fag in his mid-twenties?”

Raff looked around the room, refusing to meet the man’s gaze.

“Anyway,” Mr. Kensington-Forbes went on. “If you insisted on telling me your age, you’d probably be lying about it. So I just don’t want to hear it. Tell me where you come from in America.”

Raff opened his mouth to reply, but Mr. Kensington-Forbes cut him off.

“And don’t hand me a line about some ghost town in Arizona, or some dude ranch in Arkansas. I know just as well as you do that the cowboy gear is nothing but a costume. So, where do you come from?”

“Well!” Raff said, a smile playing on his lips. “You seem to know everything about me already.”

“I don’t care about you being a real cowboy. And I don’t really care if you are over twenty. All I can say is that you gave me the best fuck of my life. So naturally I’m rather interested in you.”

“Rather interested?” Raff said with a smirk. “Most customers of mine are happy just to get my name. I’d say you were very interested in me.”

Mr. Kensington-Forbes shrugged.

“I just want to know something about the person whose going to be making quite a large sum of money from me over the next few weeks,” the man said.

Raff sighed.

“If you really must know,” he said. “My name is Raff Cunningham. I come from a large family in Cleveland, Ohio. Have you heard of it?”

“Yes,” Mr. Kensington-Forbes replied. “But I must admit I’ve never been there. My work rarely takes me out of Europe. And how many brothers and sisters do you have?”

“Three older sisters and three younger brothers,” Raff replied. “I’m smack dab in the middle.”

“And your father? What does he do?”

“He works on an assembly line for a car firm,” Raff said. “I don’t want to give out the name of the company.”

“I see,” Mr. Kensington-Forbes said, eying the boy. “The son of a common laborer?”

“I’m afraid so,” Raff sighed. “And my mother is nothing but a housewife.”

“She could hardly be more with a family as large as yours,” Mr. Kensington-Forbes said. “I suppose your parents never heard of birth control?”

Raff shrugged.

“I don’t know why they decided to have so many kids,” he answered. “But they did.”



“So you tell me,” Mr. Kensington-Forbes said. “And what about the rest of your life?”

Raff shrugged.

“There’s not much to tell. I had the life of a typical American teenager.”

“Which is?”

“You know, hanging out in malls with my friends, getting drunk every Friday and Saturday night... That sort of thing.”

“It sounds charming,” Mr. Kensington-Forbes said in a tone of voice which made it clear he didn’t think so. “And when did you realize you were gay?”

“When my oldest sister came into my room one night, asked me to fuck her and I turned her down,” Raff said.

“I See.”

Mr. Kensington-Forbes did not know whether to be amused or repulsed at the hustler on the sheets next to him.

“And how long ago was this?” he asked.

“A few years ago,” Raff replied.

“Why did you decided to sell your body?” Mr. Kensington-Forbes wanted to know.

Raff shrugged once again.

“If you had a body like mine wouldn’t you sell it, too?” he asked.

Mr. Kensington-Forbes had to nod in agreement.

“I suppose I would...” he mumbled. “Do you enjoy it?”

“I don’t know” Raff replied. “I must say it’s great for my ego. But I get these horrible guilt trips.”

“I guess one would...” Mr. Kensington-Forbes replied in his usual dry tone.

Raff reached for his underwear.

“I better be going,” he said. “Your time’s up.”

“Are you being a bit stringent as regards the rules of the game?” Mr. Kensington-Forbes asked.

“Not really,” Raff said. “I’ve already stayed half an hour longer than I should have. And I want to leave before you ask me to do the windows.”

Mr. Kensington-Forbes chuckled as the kid slipped into his Fruit of the Loom boxer shorts.

\*\*\*\*\*

David jumped at the knock on the door.

“Damn!” he muttered under his breath. “That must be Ernie coming for the rent.”

He didn’t have enough saved up, of course.

Business was brisk at the restaurant, but it wasn’t that brisk.

“Just one moment,” David said.

“Hurry up,” Ernie Kowalczyk demanded through the door.

David gulped.

His landlord didn’t seem to be in a good mood.

That was usual for Ernie Kowalczyk, but David didn’t want to know that when his rent was due.

David crossed the floor and opened the door.

“Er... hello,” he said, his voice deepening an octave lower than usual.

David thought his landlord was a homophobe.

How interested he would have been to learn that Ernie Kowalczyk had been stimulated watching David and Jussi in the shower a few days earlier!

David would have taken his landlord at the drop of a hat.

Not only was Ernie Kowalczyk gorgeous, the man had the best body David had ever seen on a British person.

Ernie Kowalczyk worked out regularly in a gym he had set up in the basement of the building.

His chest bulged.

His arms and thighs were massive.

David's cock twitched with horny heat as he stared at his landlord.

Ernie Kowalczyk was wearing a pair tight jeans and a guinea t-shirt.

That was all.

David's eyes grew wide with interest.

But he knew he had to pretend he was straight.

He also had to think of some reason why the rent wasn't ready.

"Er... would you like to come in?" David asked.

Ernie Kowalczyk didn't reply, but pushed the door open and swaggered into the bedsit.

"This place is a filthy mess!" Ernie Kowalczyk snapped, staring around the room.

"S-sorry," David said. "I guess I've been too busy lately to clean it up."

David sniffed the air.

The smell of alcohol drifted to his nostrils.

Ernie Kowalczyk had been drinking.

His eyes were blood-shot.

David trembled, hoping the man wouldn't get violent when he told him he didn't have enough money to pay the rent.

"Hmm!" Ernie Kowalczyk spat. "Too busy running around with those poofster friends of yours, you mean!"

"Well, I... er..."

David didn't quite know what to say.

So he said what had to be said.

"I don't have the rent money, Ernie!" David blurt out.

A strange change came over the well-built landlord.

David figured he would have gotten violently angry.

But a different emotion burned in the man's eyes.

It wasn't anger or violence.

It was lust!

"In that case," Ernie Kowalczyk grunted. "I'm just gonna have to take it out in trade!"

David yelped as the man suddenly grabbed his jeans and tried to pull them off.

"No! No!" David wailed.

He wanted Ernie Kowalczyk's dick, but he didn't want to get *raped* with it!

David struggled as the man grabbed him and held him close.

"Come on, faggot!" Ernie Kowalczyk slurred.

"You know you want it! Gimme that hot ass of yours, you little faggot! I've lusted for it for months!"

"NO!!" David shrieked. "STOP! STOP!"

Suddenly, Ernie Kowalczyk groaned and fell to the bed with a thud.

David stared in amazement.

Jussi had materialized in the room, viola case over his head.

He had just knocked out David's landlord!

"Oh, my God!" David gasped in horror.

"Who—what..."

Jussi suddenly recognized the man on the floor.

"I... I'm sorry, David," he said. "I didn't realize it was your landlord... I... I thought it was an attacker... a mad rapist..."

He stared in horror at the unconscious body.

But David's horror had turned to delight.

“What are we going to do with him?!” innocent Jussi asked, staring in lust at the beefy man passed out on the crumpled sheets of David’s bed.

“I would figure that would be self-explanatory,” David replied, rolling back the sheets and crawling towards the foot of the bed.

“What do you mean?” Jussi asked.

“I mean, we’re going to strip off his clothes and rape him up the ass!”

Jussi was shocked but very excited.

He wrapped his fingers around his stiff cock and pumped it a few times for good measure.

“What if he wakes up in the middle of being raped?” Jussi asked.

David rolled his eyes.

“You can’t tell what will happen?”

“Not really. What if he starts protesting? What if he tells the police we started raping him while he was passed out on your bed?”

“Don’t be a fool, Jussi,” David said. “After what he just said, you know damn well he’s gonna love it if he wakes up and finds his asshole full of cock meat. Wouldn’t you?”

A broad grin broke out on Jussi’s face.

“Damn right!” he said.

“Okay. That’s settled then,” David said. “Now let’s get to work.”

“I’ll take off his shirt,” Jussi said.

“And I’ll get rid of his shoes and slacks,” David said.

“I suppose you’re going to have the honor of displaying the family jewels for the viewing pleasure of one and all?”

“Well, for the viewing pleasure of you and me, anyway,” David grinned.

Jussi began to undo the buttons of Ernie Kowalczyk’s shirt.

With each button that was undone, Jussi caught more and more of a glimpse of the landlord’s meaty chest.

Ernie Kowalczyk's chest was hairless.

His pecs were well-defined.

A tiny pink pap graced the center of each pec.

Down, down, down Jussi went, his fingers nervously undoing the buttons.

Finally, he was finished.

He took in his breath as he stared at the stomach muscles that rippled like a washboard.

Jussi tore the bottom of the shit out of the top of Ernie Kowalczyk's trousers, where it had been tucked.

He didn't bother to remove the shit sleeves from Ernie's arms.

Jussi darted his head down and began to slurp on the man's amazing nipples.

David, meanwhile, thrust down the zipper of Ernie Kowalczyk's fly.

His fingers brushed against the hefty bulge between the landlord's muscular thighs.

David was quite impressed.

Ernie Kowalczyk's cock hung to the left and snaked almost halfway down his leg.

The girth looked just as impressive as the length.

David licked his lips.

He swiftly undid the button at the waist of the trousers.

His fingers hooked around two belt loops and he tugged the trousers over the landlord's cock and ass.

David gasped as the cock popped into view.

Still in its limp stage, it was nevertheless a monster.

"Christ!" David gasped. "Mrs. Kowalczyk sure as hell is one lucky bitch!"

Jussi let a nipple slid from his moist lips as his head spun around.

“Big, right?” Jussi asked.

“Yes,” David said, his voice hushed in awe.

Jussi grinned and went back to work on Ernie Kowalczyk’s nipple.

Ernie stirred and grunted in his sleep.

His thick arms reached out and wrapped around Jussi’s head.

Jussi gasped as he was taken off guard.

But then Ernie Kowalczyk drifted deeper into slumber and his arms fell limply to his sides once again.

David had pulled his landlord’s trousers down to his ankles and was staring with interest as the cock flopped lazily over Ernie’s left then thigh slowly began to swell and unfurl.

Soon, it was lying against the man’s trim torso, stiff and ready for action.

That shaft looked mighty inviting.

The goose-egg sized balls looked mighty tasty.

But David wasn’t into sucking cock and balls.

He didn’t like giving blow jobs.

All the horny young kid liked to do was fuck hot, tight assholes!

“Let’s turn him around,” David suggested.

“Aw!” Jussi protested. “If we turn him around so that you can fuck him, what the hell am I going to do?”

David shrugged.

“I don’t know,” he said. “Lick the nape of his neck, perhaps?”

“Lick his *neck*?!”

Jussi stared incredulously at David.

“Don’t you Finns get into strange things like that?”

“Certainly not!”

“Well...”

David stared at the half-naked body lying on the bed.

Ernie Kowalczyk’s chest rose and fell in a steady motion.

He was indeed well-built.

Every limb in his body seemed to bulge with tight muscles.

David couldn’t wait to take a plunge up the man’s ass.

“Well, how about if you watch me fuck him up the ass and beat off?” David suggested.

“Come on, David!” Jussi whined. “I want to do something to his body! I mean, I know he’s your landlord and all, but it was I who knocked him out, after all!”

David’s face suddenly lit up.

“How about if we turn him on his side,” he suggested.

“On his side?”

Jussi looked confused.

“Yes,” David said, nodding. “That way I can get on my side behind him and slide my stiff cock between his tight ass cheeks, and you can get on your side at his crotch and suck his cock. Sound good to you?”

A wide grin spread across Jussi’s face.

“Sure does!”

“Let’s go.”

David grabbed Ernie Kowalczyk’s meaty legs as Jussi took him by the shoulders

In seconds they had the snoring landlord on his side.

Jussi got between the legs at the front and stuck out an eager tongue.

Holding Ernie Kowalczyk’s massive form in place on the bed, David spat on his cock and greased it up.

Jussi began to lap up the stiff, fat slab of fuck meat.



“Mmm!” the kid groaned, his tongue shooting in and out of his mouth.

Soon, Ernie Kowalczyk’s entire cock with glistened hot spittle.

Jussi’s spittle.

Jussi rolled the meaty balls in the moist, hot cavern of his mouth.

He popped the left, then the right ball in his mouth and lavished the loving strokes of his tongue upon each one in turn.

Ernie Kowalczyk’s hefty nuts were too big to fit both in any human’s mouth at the same time.

Jussi held Ernie Kowalczyk’s hips in place as he moved his tongue from the balls to the base of his cock.

He tugged on the kinky pubes that grew in a thicket around the shaft.

On the other side of Ernie Kowalczyk’s waist, David spread apart the man’s butt cheeks.

He peered in at the pink butt hole and licked his lips in heated anticipation.

That ass sure looked mighty tight!

David suspected that Ernie Kowalczyk’s ass was still a virgin; he assumed the straight man had never taken it up the ass before.

How right he was!

David slid the spit-slickened head of his prick between the man’s tight butt cheeks.

The flesh was smooth and taut.

David aimed the head of his cock at the asshole.

Then, without a word of warning to Jussi, David applied all the strength he possessed to shove his cock deep into Ernie Kowalczyk’s hole.

Jussi gagged as the force of David’s initial thrust plunged Ernie Kowalczyk’s cock down his throat.

Ernie Kowalczyk shrieked and jolted into the land of the living.

His eyes bulged out of his head as he felt his ass being attacked by what he thought was a red-hot poker.

“AAARRGGHH!” the man wailed, his hands reached down and clutching onto Jussi’s head.

He tugged on the hair, making tears rise in the Finn’s eyes as he felt the roots straining against the attack.

“It’s all right, Ernie!” David gasped, his cock lodged entirely up the man’s asshole.

Ernie Kowalczyk’s eyes fluttered shut once again.

His hands relinquished their grasp on Jussi’s head.

Jussi sighed in relief and began to suck on the cock again as if the interruption had never occurred.

David slowly began to slide his cock out of the virgin butt hole.

The walls of Ernie Kowalczyk’s ass had clamped down around the invader.

Now, they seemed to give way to allow David’s thick shaft to move in the dank depths of Ernie Kowalczyk’s bowels.

David slid inch after inch out of Ernie Kowalczyk’s butt hole.

In his semi-awake stage, his mind still reeling from the crack on the skull, Ernie Kowalczyk groaned slightly.

“Mmmm... feels good!” the big man moaned.

David slid his cock almost entirely out of Ernie Kowalczyk’s butt.

He finally rested when only his fist-sized cock head remained lodged past the sphincter muscle.

Then—

WHAM!!

He pounded his cock deep in the shit-lined butt hole once again.

Ernie Kowalczyk was ready for the pain this time.

And soon, David was heartily pounding away up the big man’s ass.

Jussi slurped and sucked on the stiff prick.

Ernie Kowalczyk groaned and writhed on the bed.

He loved the spasms of joy that coursed through his balls.

That shot through his ass...

## CHAPTER SIX

“Yeah!” the landlord grunted, every second that passed bringing him out of his stupor and into the land of the living—or should that be land of the fucking?

“Gonna come!” Ernie Kowalczyk suddenly grunted.

His lips wrapped around the meaty pole, Jussi gurgled with glee.

He couldn’t wait to sample the tasty jism that would spurt from the thick cock!

David, however, protested.

“Wait!” he gasped, sweat forming on his brow as he rode the muscular stud’s ass with his cock.

“B-but...” Ernie moaned.

“Just... UNGH! a few more... UNGH!!... strokes!” David grunted.

“O-okay...”

Ernie Kowalczyk strained to keep the inevitable from occurring.

His balls trembled uncontrollably.

He tensed the muscles in his loins, trying to delay his jism from spurting forth.

Jussi could taste the pre-jism oozing out of the piss-slit of Ernie Kowalczyk’s prick.

He slurped at the dewy droplets and eagerly gobbled them down.

His fingers shot out and he began to massage Ernie Kowalczyk’s balls.

Finally, the landlord could stand the rapture no longer.

“SSSHHHIITT!” he screamed.

David felt the butt cheeks flex.

He felt the man’s entire body tense.

“YEAH!” David gasped.

As Ernie Kowalczyk spurt load after creamy load of jism down Jussi’s throat, David emptied a thick wad of come deep in Ernie Kowalczyk’s bowels.

Ernie Kowalczyk gasped as he felt the come whitewash the walls of his ass.

David came until he had no jism left in his balls.

He let his cock slide out from between Ernie Kowalczyk’s ass cheeks.

Jussi drank down every ounce of jism that spurt from Ernie Kowalczyk’s cock and let the prick slip from his chapped lips.

He wiped a dribble of jism from his cheek and grinned.

“Thanks, Ernie,” David said.

“No,” Ernie Kowalczyk replied. “Thank *you*!”

Come juices were still crusting on their bodies.

David and Jussi exchanged a glance.

“I know this probably isn’t the time to bring this up,” David said. “But I thought you hated faggots, Ernie.”

“All closet cases have to pretend to hate faggots,” Ernie Kowalczyk said. “But if you only knew how long I’ve lusted after other guys... well, you just wouldn’t believe it.”

“What about your wife?” Jussi asked.

Ernie Kowalczyk snorted.

“Every time I ram my cock up that bitch’s hole, I always fantasize it’s a young boy’s butt hole,” the landlord said.

“Well!” David replied. “I can think of many young boys who wouldn’t mind a cock as big as yours up their butt holes!”

“Us included!” Jussi said.

“And to think I was scared of you,” David marveled. “Any time I would meet you in the hall, I tried to act as butch as I could.”

“You didn’t do a very good job, I’m afraid,” Ernie Kowalczyk replied with a little smile.

“I guess I am rather obvious,” David said.

“Me, too,” Jussi replied.

“Even if you weren’t obvious faggots,” Ernie Kowalczyk said. “I would still have known. A few days ago, anyway.”

“Why?” David asked. “What happened a few days ago?”

“I caught you two in the showers together.”

“No!” Jussi gasped, his face turning bright pink.

“Why didn’t you join us?” David wanted to know. “We certainly wouldn’t have turned you down!”

“Christ!” Ernie Kowalczyk said. “You don’t know how bad I wanted to! I stood at the door to the bathroom for a few minutes, gripping my throbbing prick.”

“And what happened?” David asked.

Ernie Kowalczyk looked sheepish.

“Well... my wife opened the door to our apartment and called me to supper,” the landlord said. “Otherwise I certainly would have.”

“Too bad we missed out,” Jussi said.

“Well, I think I enjoyed waking up with two young studs working over my body better,” Ernie Kowalczyk said.

“It was a rather kinky thing to do, I’m afraid,” David said. “But when the lust starts boiling in my loins...”

He trailed off with a nervous giggle.

“You just come to me and I’ll help you with that,” Ernie Kowalczyk replied. “Provided, of course, my wife is out shopping.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” David said.

“Well, since you don’t have any money for the rent, and since we’ve all shot our loads, I suppose I better get back to my apartment,” Ernie

Kowalczyk said.

Jussi and David watched with disappointment as Ernie Kowalczyk slipped into his underwear.

His massive member disappeared into the cotton.

“Mmm!” Jussi hummed with horny heat. “Just looking at that bulge makes me all hot and bothered!”

“I know...” David sighed. “And to think I’ll have that bulge just down the hall from me any time I want it.”

Ernie Kowalczyk looked up sharply.

“My wife mustn’t start to suspect,” he said.

“Why not?” Jussi asked. “If you’ve been gay all this time, it’s rather senseless to be married.”

“I know you might find this difficult to believe,” Ernie Kowalczyk replied. “But I love her immensely.”

David and Jussi exchanged a glance.

“Well, now that you’ve finally experienced the wonders of gay sex, we’ll see how you feel about your wife and her fishy twat,” David said.

“Don’t insult my wife in that crude manner!” Ernie Kowalczyk said, suddenly angry.

“It isn’t an insult,” David said. “It’s the truth! What does your wife’s cunt smell like when you eat her out?”

Ernie Kowalczyk paused.

“Fish, right?” David asked.

Ernie Kowalczyk had to nod.

“You’re right,” he said...

\*\*\*\*\*

It was Saturday night at the Warthog Watering Hole and, predictably, the pub was packed to the rafters.

Jussi and David were in a semi-quiet corner, sipping lagers and checking out the action.

“I don’t believe what happened with your landlord yesterday,” Jussi said. “I still find it amazing!”

“I think the most amazing thing about the entire story was the size of Ernie’s cock!” David said.

“My God! How can he possibly shove all those inches into his jeans without feeling uncomfortable? I’ve never seen him wearing anything but tight jeans! You would figure his balls would hurt from being squashed into such a confined space!”

“I guess he’s been doing it for years,” Jussi replied. “Personally, I wouldn’t know.”

“Why do you say that, Jussi?” David asked.

“You’re almost as well-hung as he is!”

“Oh, come off it!” Jussi said with a grin. “Ernie has a full two inches over me!”

“I guess he does... and they sure as hell felt great plunging up my butt!”

“Now, David,” Jussi warned. “There’s no need to be crude.”

“Sorry,” David replied.

He took another sip of beer.

“Look,” David hissed, nudging his friend in the ribs. “It’s that new hustler The American cowboy.”

Jussi’s head whipped in the direction David pointed.

“It sure is,” the Finn agreed. “I see he has a new hat on this evening.”

“He probably bought it with the money Garance’s customer gave him for the other night’s action.”

“Poor Garance,” Jussi said. “I wonder if he realizes he’s going to eventually have to give hustling up.”

“I don’t know,” David said. “You’re right, though. He is getting rather tired to the men who come here often.”



“Not to mention older,” Jussi said. “I hate to say it, but he’s finally beginning to look his age.”

“How old is Garance anyway?” David wanted to know.

“I have no idea,” Jussi said. “But he’s certainly older than the sixteen years he brags about all the time.”

“Yes,” David said with a nod. “He’s really stretching it there.”

“Would you look at that? The cowboy has already found somebody for the evening.”

“Hmm...” David said, staring at the elderly man in the pin-striped suit that had just bought Raff a drink. “I haven’t seen him around in weeks.”

“Probably was on vacation,” Jussi replied. “Look at his tan.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Meanwhile, up at the bar...

“How much do you charge?” Mr. Morricone asked Raff.

“It depends on what you want,” Raff replied.

“How about a two-hour roll in the sack?” the old Italian suggested.

“One hundred and fifty pounds.”

Mr. Morricone whistled.

“That’s rather steep,” he said.

Raff shrugged.

“Most other guys don’t have half the cock I do,” he said.

Mr. Morricone stared at the inviting bulge between the kid’s legs.

“How do I know you haven’t stuffed yourself?” he asked.

“What self-respecting hustler would stuff himself?” Raff asked. “There’s truth in advertising, even in my field, you know.”

Mr. Morricone mulled over this comment in his mind.

“Well,” he said finally. “Would you mind if I took you to a sleazy hotel?”

“What’s the matter with your place?” Raff asked.

“My wife,” Mr. Morricone said.

“I understand,” Raff replied, a grin on his full-bodied lips. “Okay. A hotel is fine with me. But you’ve got to pay for the room.”

“Of course,” Mr. Morricone replied. “I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Neither would I,” Raff replied.

They walked out of the Warthog Watering Hole.

David and Jussi watched them leave.

\*\*\*\*\*

“You know...” David said. “I really wouldn’t mind seeing that hustler’s cock.”

“Who wouldn’t?” Jussi said. “But if you think I’m going to start paying for cock at my tender age, you’re off your head. I know I may not be a Gautier model, but I’m hardly Quasimodo.”

“Of course you’re not!” David said. “I wouldn’t sleep with you if you were. But I wonder if that cowboy can be gotten into bed for free...”

“A hustler having sexing for free?” Jussi said with a short laugh. “I’ve never head of it before!”

“I wonder...”

David seemed lost in thought.

Jussi didn’t bother him until he saw Garance swish through the front doors of the pub.

“Here comes Garance.” he said.

“Poor thing,” David replied. “I wonder if he got lucky at the Beehive the other night.”

“Do you think we should ask him?” Jussi wondered.

“No,” David said. “Remember how vicious he was a few nights ago? I’m not in the mood to have my head bitten off.”

“But you’re always in the mood to have it licked,” Jussi replied.

They shared a chuckle as Garance approached.

“And what’s so funny, my little dears?” Garance asked, a smile on his face.

Jussi and David instantly knew by the glare of Garance’s patent leather shoes that he had gotten a customer at the Beehive on the night in question.

“Nothing much,” Jussi said.

“Hi, Garance,” David said. “I love those shoes.”

“Aren’t they just too, too much?!” Garance cooed, displaying them with a flick of the ankle. “I just adore them! And to think I had to sweat and grunt over a fat, balding cow to get them! Oh, the things one must do for the sake of fashion!”

Garance propped himself on the edge of a stool and looked around the crowd.

“Has John Wayne been here?” he asked, suddenly guarded.

“You just missed him,” David said.

Garance’s eyes blazed with suspicion.

“He didn’t leave with one of my regulars, did he?” the campy hustler wanted to know.

Garance was relieved as both David and Jussi shook their heads.

“Good,” he said, patting their hands. “I do hope you’ll keep me well informed on that horrid creature’s actions.”

“We’ll do our best,” Jussi replied.

“I’m off to the bar to get a pint,” Garance said.

“Would you two like anything?”

David and Jussi shook their heads.

“Oh, come on, lovies!” Garance cooed. “Daddy’s paving tonight. I am absolutely stuffed to the brim with pound notes! Tell me what you want!”

“In that case...”

\*\*\*\*\*

“Good,” Raff said. “Now get those clothes off and lemme shove my cock up your butt hole!”

“Sure thing!”

Mr. Morricone reached down and undid the belt around his slacks.

Raff’s fingers shot out and he unbuttoned the buttons of the old man’s shift.

His cock grew hot and hard as was usual for the hustler during these undressing moments.

“I suppose you want me to nibble on your nipples before I thrust my prick up your hole,” Raff said.

“For the price I’m paying, you sure as hell better do it!” Mr. Morricone replied.

His trousers still wrapped around his waist, Mr. Morricone thrust his hairy chest forward.

His nipples poked through the thick bush of hair that covered his pecs like a lawn of grass.

Those nipples were tiny.

Pink.

Erect with lusty excitement.

Raff’s handsome head shot forward.

His moist tongue wriggled out of his parted lips.

He began to tenderly slurp on the flesh that surrounded Mr. Morricone’s right nipple.

Round and round his tongue traveled.

He slurped at the chest hair, making it mat together with his spittle and drool.

His tongue traveled in ever-decreasing circles around the erect, pink pap.

He zeroed in on Mr. Morricone’s nipple.

Mr. Morricone groaned as Raff began to tug on his chest hairs.

He took them gently between his teeth and tugged tenderly but firmly.

Raff took a deep breath.

He began to lap at the erect nipple.

Mr. Morricone's wrinkled head flew back.

He fell on the pillows and grunted with glee as the hunky cowboy-stud licked his nipple.

Raff began to nibble on Mr. Morricone's nipple.

He took that hard, pink pap between his teeth and tugged on it.

Gently at first.

Then harder.

Mr. Morricone began to moan.

The cock hidden in his executive slacks began to twitch and swell.

It begged to be released from the tight confines of his Fruit of the Looms.

Garance might have been a great fuck.

But he had never worked Mr. Morricone over better than Raff!

"Bite that nipple, boy!" Mr. Morricone begged.

Raff smiled as he continued to slurp and bite on the pink pap.

It was hard and hot between his teeth.

He tugged on it.

His hand crept towards Mr. Morricone's free nipple.

Mr. Morricone gasped as he felt Raff's finger wrap around his pap.

Raff pinched the nipple as hard as he could.

Waves of rapture coursed through Mr. Morricone's chest.

He was now hot and horny, desperate to feel Raff's thick cock sliding in and out of his butt hole.

“Oooh, yeah!” the old man gasped. “That feels sooo good! And now I want to get fucked! YEOWCH!”

Mr. Morricone jumped as Raff suddenly dug his teeth so brutally into the tender flesh of his nipple that he was half-afraid the cowboy-stud would bite it off!

Raff lifted his head off the old man’s chest and smiled, a dribble of drool dripping from his lower lip.

“Pull off those slacks and spread those cheeks, old man,” Raff grunted.

Lust smoldered in Mr. Morricone’s eyes.

He jumped into action as quickly as his arthritic limbs could.

As Raff reached down to strip his boxer shorts from his waist, Mr. Morricone swiftly kicked off his socks and pulled his executive slacks from his thighs.

He tossed them to the floor of the hotel room.

His cock throbbed painfully in his Fruit of the Looms.

Mr. Morricone grabbed the elastic waist band and pulled it down.

His cock sprang into view as he kicked his underwear to his ankles.

That cock was pulsating with hot, excited blood.

But it was not going to slide into a hustler’s mouth that evening.

It was going to be pressed against the mattress as Raff slid his monster-dong in and out of his customer’s tight, hungry butt hole!

Raff had already reached into his pocket and pulled out the KY jelly.

He squirt some of the translucent gel into the palm of his right hand.

Mr. Morricone grunted and spun around on the bed.

He lay with his head propped up with his arms.

He thrust his ass forward, offering it to the young stud for his pleasure.

“Slide that big cock up my butt! Ride ’em cowboy!” Mr. Morricone gasped.

Raff reached down and pulled apart Mr. Morricone's wrinkled butt cheeks.

He knelt between the spread legs.

He greased up his shaft with the KY jelly.

Up and down that hand traveled.

His cock glistened with slickness.

Raff reached down and pulled apart his customer's butt cheeks.

He stared greedily at the tiny butt hole nestled comfortably in the sweaty butt crack.

It had been quite a while since a hustler's cock had slid up that tight shit chute.

Mr. Morricone couldn't wait for the initial penetration.

He didn't have long to wait.

WHAM!!

"AARRGGHH!"

Without a word of warning, Raff had pounded his thick, throbbing shaft up to the hilt between the old man's sweaty butt cheeks.

Mr. Morricone's eyes rolled in their sockets as his ass was impaled on the end of then thick inches of cock flesh.

"Feel good?" Raff asked.

At that moment, Mr. Morricone's ass was seared with pain.

It felt as if he had been attacked by a red-hot poker.

A telephone pole.

His sphincter muscle was stretched to the snapping point.

His shit chute was filled to the brim with thick, throbbing cock meat.

But Mr. Morricone had to admit the pain felt mighty damn good.

And he knew that after a few brutal thrusts up the ass, that cock was going to feel like heaven on earth!

“Yeah!” Mr. Morricone gasped. “Fuck me, boy! Pound the shit out of my butt hole!”

Raff took a deep breath.

He arched his back.

His cock was still lodged deep up Mr. Morricone’s asshole.

His balls squashed against the man’s gnarled butt flesh.

Raff began to work his cock in and out of Mr. Morricone’s butt hole.

Mr. Morricone moaned.

His wriggled his ass on the bed.

In and out that meaty member slid.

Raff picked up speed.

He increased the ferocity of his thrusts.

His cock was no longer sliding in and out of Mr. Morricone’s ass.

It was raping it.

Thrusting deep into the hidden depths of his bowels.

Raff’s beefy butt cheeks were a whirl of white flesh laboring over the old man’s ass.

Sweat trickled down his young, firm body as he attacked that tiny butt hole with increasing savagery.

Increasing brutality.

Raff felt the tight ass walls clamping around his thrusting member.

His eyes flew shut.

He dug into the wrinkled flesh of Mr. Morricone’s ass with his fingers.

He forced the butt into position.

He raped that ass as brutally as he could.

Mr. Morricone’s rectum tingled with delight.

Trembled with ecstasy.



He loved the way the cock pounded into his bowels.

The way the beefy balls smacked against the delicate flesh of his butt crack.

He thrust his hips back, grunting with wild abandon as he felt the entire cock scrape against his shit chute walls.

As he felt Raff's hips smack against his ass.

His cock was squashed between the mattress and his sweaty torso.

It trembled with lust.

"Christ!" Raff grunted. "That ass is so tight and hot, I think I'm gonna shoot my wad!"

"Yes!" Mr. Morricone urged. "Shoot that young jism up my butt, cowboy!"

## CHAPTER SEVEN

“UNGH!” Raff grunted as his cock pounded up the squelching hole.

“UNGH!”

“UNGH!”

His heart raced.

His muscles flexed.

His ass thrust back and forth.

And Raff realized there was no holding back.

His balls tingled with excitement.

He felt the jism bubbling up in his swinging balls.

He was about to shoot his wad!

With a final burst of energy, Raff savagely rammed his cock in and out of the butt hole.

The bed smacked against the wall.

Sweat flew from Raff’s thrusting body and sprayed all over Mr. Morricone’s back.

And then he felt it building up.

The jism in his balls was ready to shoot forth from his shaft!

Raff tensed every muscle in his young, firm body.

“TAKE IT, OLD MAN!” he wailed. “TAKE MY HOT, CREAMY JISM UP YOUR HOLE!”

Mr. Morricone gasped as he felt the jism spurt from the hustler’s ass and flood his shit chute.

His own cock erupted at the same time.

Thick, creamy wads of jism spurt from his heated piss-slit.

Raff emptied his load into his customer’s butt.

He panted as he forced the jism deep into Mr. Morricone's bowels.

Then he stopped the savage thrusts of his cock.

The last droplet of jism trickled from his tingling cock head.

He had shot his load.

Mr. Morricone's ass had taken every last drop.

Raff gasped and panted.

Sweat trickled down his exhausted body.

His cock deflated deep up Mr. Morricone's butt.

He slowly tugged it out of the squelching asshole.

The sphincter muscle snapped shut.

Raff fell on the bed, totally spent.

Mr. Morricone turned his head around and faced the hustler, a lewd grin on his wrinkled lips.

"You were superb, young man! Absolutely superb! That was the best way I've ever spent one hundred and fifty pounds!"

"Thanks," Raff said, finally regaining his breath.

"Perhaps I should tell all my business associates about you. Would you like that?" Mr. Morricone asked.

"I sure as hell would!" Raff replied.

Mr. Morricone was rather taken aback at the slight note of desperation in the hustler's voice.

"Well!" he said. "I would have thought a boy of your... talents... would have no trouble at all in finding clients!"

"I suppose I won't once my reputation spreads," Raff said. "But I'm new in town. I think I've got to be hanging around for a few weeks until people start to trust me."

"Nonsense!" Mr. Morricone replied. "Your first few weeks in a new city are usually the best!"

“You mean it will only get worse??” Raff asked in disbelief.

“It will hardly get better,” Mr. Morricone replied.

“I just don’t understand it, then,” Raff said.

“Don’t understand what?” Mr. Morricone asked.

“When I was selling my body in New York City I was making three times as much money a week. Even after I had been on the scene for months! How do you explain that?”

Mr. Morricone shrugged his shoulders.

“You are comparing two different countries,” he said. “You must realize, just because we speak English in Great Britain is no reason to assume it is exactly like the United States.”

“Of course not,” Raff said. “But surely there can’t be that much difference!”

“Have you noticed how expensive things are over here?” Mr. Morricone asked. “Have you noticed how many people are unemployed?”

“Not really,” Raff replied. “I usually never have to buy anything for myself. And why would I ever go to an employment agency?”

“For future information,” Mr. Morricone said. “Great Britain is in the middle of an economic crisis. I guess there are more people willing to throw away one hundred pounds on sordid sex in New York City. There’s more easy money to be made and had.”

“Hmm...” Raff mused. “Maybe I made a mistake in coming to London. Perhaps I should have gone to Los Angeles as everybody suggested.”

“Oh, no, no, no!” Mr. Morricone wailed.

Raff stared.

“What’s the matter?” he asked.

“You cannot, you simply cannot move back to the United States until all my associates have tried you out!”

Raff grinned proudly.

“You are a breath of fresh air in the British hustling scene, young man,” Mr. Morricone said.

Raff’s smile widened, impossible as it might have seemed.

\*\*\*\*\*

“There’s that tacky whore again!” Garance spat to Sidney.

“I don’t like him either,” Sidney replied. “Damn yanks coming over here and taking away jobs from the locals.”

“I find it absolutely shocking!” Garance fluttered.

“Isn’t there anything you or Gregor could do to dispose of him?”

“Not unless he provokes it,” Sidney replied. “But you can be assured that Gregor and I are keeping a close lookout on that character.”

“Good,” Garance said. “I knew I could count on you, honey.”

He leaned across the bar and pecked Sidney on the cheek.

“Well, off to work I must go,” Garance sighed.

“I must make my rounds around the room...”

Sidney watched, amused, as Garance swished around the room.

Garance chose the jukebox as his vantage point.

He draped his muscular limbs across the machine.

He spread his legs.

He thrust forward his hips.

Garance rearranged the bulge in his crotch, hoping it looked its most inviting.

Hoping it looked larger than the cowboy’s massive bulge.

Garance looked around the room, a sexy smile plastered on his lips.

To his extreme annoyance, Raff got up from his chair and moved towards the jukebox.

*Hateful bastard!* Garance thought to himself. *Why the hell is he coming over here? Can’t he tell I hate each and every inch of his disgusting flesh?!*

Garance breathed deep as Raff walked closer and closer, a friendly smile on his face.

*Jesus Lord in heaven above! Garance gasped in his mind. It looks like he's actually coming over here to speak to me!! Do I look so horrid?! Do I look like I could be a customer instead of another hustler?! Oh, of course not! Calm yourself, Garance Rue di Rivoli! You're letting your imagination*

---

"Hi," Raff grunted, extending a hand. "How are you?"

Garance was flustered, to say the least.

He didn't know quite where to look, so he decided to stare at the hustler's hand.

"Are you going to shake?" Raff asked, the friendly smile still on his face.

"Certainly not!" Garance spat.

Raff's hand fell to his side.

He eyed Garance in puzzlement.

"Hey, man," Raff drawled. "I only came over here to introduce myself."

"I don't need an introduction," Garance spat.

"I've heard all about you and your hundred inch cock from all my former clients! I'll have you know, you have absolutely ruined my career! Absolutely ruined it!!"

"Don't you think you're exaggerating slightly?" Raff asked. "I wanted to speak to you before this got out of hand. I've seen those nasty looks you pass in my direction every time we're in the same pub together."

"And just how in the name of Jesus our Lord would you expect me to act?," Garance hissed.

"Should I be chortling with laughter because you stole all my clients? I hardly think so!"

"The only two... er... clients of yours I have dealt with are Kensington-Forbes and Morricone," Raff said.

“That’s an extra two hundred pounds out of my pocket, as far as I’m concerned!” Garance spat.

“You only charge a hundred pounds a session?” Raff asked.

Garance flashed Raff a dirty look.

“I used to be able to charge one hundred and fifty when I first got on the scene,” he hissed. “Unfortunately, I have been in town longer than you have, so I have had to lower my rates. The same thing will happen to you too, dear. Only, the way you’ve blazed a trail through this city’s scene, you might have to lower your rates in the next few days. Everybody’s already had you as it is!”

“Exaggerating again,” Raff sighed. “Okay. Have it your way. I only wanted to see if you wanted to go home with me tonight so that we could reconcile our differences but—”

“WHAT?!!” Garance shrieked. “Not only do you steal my customers, you insult me further by assuming I’d want to pay for your services?!!! My God in Heaven! Do you think I’m one of those horrid old men with bald heads; hairy ears and gas disorders?!” Raff had to smile.

“I meant, I wanted to sleep with you as a special treat for *me*,” Raff said. “I certainly wouldn’t dream of charging you!”

Garance eyed the hustler suspiciously.

“What are you implying?” he asked.

“I’m saying that I think you’re the hottest guy that works this pub,” Raff said. “Well, the hottest guy along with those two hunky friends of yours.”

Garance warmed to Raff’s compliment.

“Oh, really?” he said, his voice saccharine sweet.

A smile creased his lips.

“You mean my charming mates David and Jussi?” Garance went on,

“If that’s their names,” Raff said. “I guess you know who I’m talking about.”

“Yes.”

Garance waved away any further discussion of David and Jussi.

“You mean to say,” he said, running fingers through his hair. “That you find me sexually attractive?”

“Of course you are!” Raff said. “You know that yourself, or you wouldn’t be a hustler!”

“Well!” Garance gasped, a giggle spurting from the sides of his lips. “Of course people say that to me all the time! But it’s only my clients, you understand. Elderly old men who have hearing problems as well as sight disorders. You know what I mean, don’t you?”

“I certainly do,” Raff said. “And tonight, the thought of touching another one of those old creatures... with their wrinkled flesh and senile thoughts, made me horny for another hot young hunk like myself.”

“Well!” Garance beamed. “What are we waiting for, dearie?! Your place or mine?”

“How about mine?” Raff asked. “I live in Islington. Is that too far for you?”

“Of course not, honey!” Garance giggled. “Have cock, will travel, you know!”

Sidney stared in amazement as Garance and Raff sashayed and swaggered out of the Warthog Watering Hole in one another’s arms.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Oooh!” Garance gasped as they walked out the door. “I just remembered! I have an extremely important client I must meet tomorrow morning at eight-thirty. He likes it in the morning, you understand.”

“What does that mean?” Raff asked, wondering why Garance had stopped dead on the pavement.

“It means that I can’t possibly go to your place tonight,” Garance said. “By the time we get through with everything, it’ll be too late to catch a tube. And I absolutely refuse to take a night bus! I simply can’t spend the night with you, either!”

“How about your place?” Raff suggested.



Garance shrieked in horror.

“My place?!” the queen gasped. “Not in a trillion years! Why, it’s a disaster zone! An absolute disaster zone! I won’t have anybody seeing my place in such a horrid state of disarray!”

Raff sighed.

“I guess we better forget it this evening,” he said.

“Hogwash, honey!” Garance replied.

“But...?”

Raff trailed off uncertainly.

“I know a quiet place we can go to,” Garance said. “We can get it on without anybody bothering us. Oh, I know it’s disgusting. but I’m sure you’ve done worse in your life. I know I certainly have!”

“I’m not quite sure where you’re talking about,” Raff said. “I don’t know the city that well yet.”

“You know this place, dear,” Garance said, patting his arm. “Trust me.”

He twirled around and headed towards the front door of the pub.

“Where... ?” Raff asked.

“Why, the ladies toilet stall of the Warthog Watering Hole, of course!” Garance cooed.

“Of course!” Raff said. “Why the hell didn’t I think of that?!”

\*\*\*\*\*

“Pull down those jeans and let me see that hot ass of yours,” Raff grunted once safely inside the toilet stall.

“Don’t you want to see my cock, too?” Garance inquired.

Raff shrugged as he stripped his ripped jeans to his ankles.

“Yeah, that’ll be nice to see,” he said. “But what I’m really interested in...”

His fingers clutched at Garance’s firm butt cheeks.

Garance slid his belt from the belt loops.

He stared at the thick bulge in Raff's boxer shorts.

No wonder Raff was such a hit on the hustler scene!

Garance licked his lips.

"Gracious, dearie!" he said. "You've got quite a load between your legs! I certainly can't wait to see that monster!"

Raff grabbed the elastic waist band of his underwear and tugged it down his legs.

His stiff rod sprang into the air.

Garance whistled appreciatively.

"That sure is one impressive fuck lance, honey!" he warbled.

Raff looked down at his meaty member.

It waved back and forth in the air, throbbing and hot and ready for action.

Brutal fuck action.

Brutal butt fuck action.

Raff thrust his hips forward proudly.

He gently wrapped his fingers around the throbbing shaft.

"Yeah, I guess it is a monster of a cock," he said, "I'm quite proud of it."

"Nice balls, too," Garance murmured.

He stared at the hefty nuts that hung halfway down Raff's legs.

Garance licked his lips as passion rose in his loins.

"Well, honey," he said. "I must let you know I'm not in the habit of giving away free ass samples. But I'm quite prepared to make an exception in your case!"

"Let's get to work, then," Raff grunted.

Garance pulled his jeans over his knees.

They fell to the tiled floor of the lavatory and clung around his ankles.

He turned around in the stall, his back to Raff and his throbbing member.

Garance shoved his butt in the air, offering it to the well-hung cowboy-stud for his viewing pleasure.

And his fucking pleasure.

Raff looked with delight upon the smooth cheeks of Garance's ass.

That butt flesh was firm.

Creamy.

Raff dug his fingers into the flesh of the British hustler's butt cheeks.

He pulled apart the ass cheeks and took a look inside.

He was pleased at the sight that greeted him.

Between the finely-muscled slopes of Garance's ass sat a wrinkled butt hole.

Pink.

Strong.

Just waiting for a hot cock to stretch it wide.

Raff figured he had the prick that could do just that.

His dick was so big it would stretch the walls of Garance's ass to the snapping point.

"Mmm!" Raff moaned. "The best sight in the world: a tight, young butt hole begging to be fucked!"

Garance poised his half-naked body over the toilet seat.

He reached under his rippling stomach and grabbed his prick.

That cock was throbbing in anticipation.

Eagerly waiting to feel Raff's big cock pounding up his ass.

Raff released his grip on Garance's ass globes.

“I better grease up my dick,” Raff said. “I think it’ll hurt too much if I ram up your hole totally dry.”

“You’re not joking, honey!” Garance said, shuddering at the mere thought.

Raff was out of the KY jelly he usually carried in his pocket, so he swished a generous amount of spit in his mouth.

He hawked on the palm of his right hand.

Raff wrapped his spit-soaked fingers around his prick.

He pumped his dick until it glistened with spittle.

Raff gripped his balls and tugged them as passion rose in his groin.

He slid the dripping head of his cock between Garance’s ass cheeks.

Garance wrapped his fingers around the plastic toilet seat and prepared for a hard, brutal fuck up the ass.

“Go, ahead, you well-hung cowboy stud!” Garance gasped. “Fuck me quick, honey!”

Raff grit his teeth and took careful aim.

“Okay,” he muttered. “Here I go!”

WHAM!!

Garance’s body jerked as Raff impaled him on the end of his cock.

The British hustler’s skull cracked against the wall of the toilet stall.

He moaned as Raff forced inch after inch of thick cock meat into his ass.

That pink butt hole stretched to allow Raff’s cock into the shit-filled depths of Garance’s butt.

Raff grunted as his balls smacked against the creamy flesh of Garance’s ass cheeks.

He had burrowed his entire cock up the kid’s tight ass.

Raff relished the feel of those hot butt walls wrapped around his stiff shaft.

He slid his cock in and out of Garance's ass.

His strokes were quick and powerful.

Garance held on to the toilet seat for dear life as Raff swiftly switched into third gear.

Raff's hips whipped back and forth.

His ass cheeks flexed and contracted.

His big cock pounded in and out of Garance's hungry butt hole.

Garance bucked his hips back, eager to meet the savage strokes of Raff's shaft.

His head waved from side to side as gasps of lust poured from his lips.

"Yes! Yes!" Garance moaned. "How I love that big cock up my ass! That big Yankee fuck-dong! Oooh! Fuck me! Harder! Harder!"

WHAM!

WHAM!

WHAM!

Raff rammed his cock deep up Garance's tight asshole.

That thick slab of fuck meat battered the sensitive walls of Garance's rectum.

Garance felt the blood-engorged cock head ram deep into his bowels.

His ass squished and squashed as the massive dick plunged into his private recesses.

Sweat dribbled down Raff's jerking body.

Perspiration oozed from his pores and trickled down his firm flesh.

Raff's balls swung through the air and slapped against Garance's ass cheeks.

Jism bubbled in those balls, threatening to shoot up Raff's rod and spray into Garance's ass.

“UNGH!” Raff grunted, his cock pounding home with the force of a wild animal in lust.

“UNGH!”

“UNGH!”

Garance felt the cowboy’s body tense behind him.

He knew Raff was ready to shoot his wad.

That suited Garance fine.

Especially since his own cock teetered on the verge of orgasmic delight as well.

Garance’s finger shot back and forth over his trembling rod.

“Aw, yeah!” Raff groaned. “Here I come! Gonna shoot my wad!”

Raff felt those tight ass cheeks grow taut and tense as Garance shot a thick wad of hot come all over the toilet stall floor.

Sticky wads of jism spurt from Garance’s excited member and splattered all over the piss-stained tiles.

His young body shuddered with rapture.

Raff’s balls tightened with orgasmic pleasure.

His cock exploded deep up Garance’s ravaged butt hole.

Load after load of creamy jism spurt from his piss-slit.

Garance felt those hot wads of come flood his asshole.

He moaned and panted as Raff emptied his jism into his bowels.

Raff tugged his cock out of Garance’s ass.

Garance’s butt cheeks slapped together.

A dribble of shit-juice trickled from his ruddy hole and dribbled down the backs of his thighs.

Raff leaned back, his sweaty shoulder blades pressing against the toilet stall wall.

Garance got up from the toilet seat, caressing his battered butt cheeks.

“Ow!” he said, wincing. “That sure did hurt, honey!”

Raff grinned and looked down at his swiftly deflating cock.

“Usually does,” he replied.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

“Gracious!” Garance gasped. “I haven’t enjoyed myself in eons! Absolute ages!”

He smiled sweetly across his coffee cup at Raff.

The American hustler grinned in return.

“I have to admit I enjoyed myself, too,” Raff grunted.

“I find sitting a bit difficult,” Garance admitted, squirming with discomfort on the burger bar stool.

“But I guess that will go away in a few hours.”

“If your lucky,” Raff said. “Some of my clients have complained the pain won’t go away for days.”

“Pshaw!” Garance spat. “No need to exaggerate, honey!”

“I’m not exaggerating!” Raff protested.

Garance smiled and patted his hand.

“Of course you’re not, dearie...” he said. “The pain in my buttocks will vouch for that!”

Raff chuckled.

“It certainly has been an evening, hasn’t it?” he said.

“Oh, yes!” Garance gasped. “And I better be on my way, I’ve got an appointment tomorrow you must remember.”

“Yes, I do,” Raff replied. “But before you go...”

He paused as a horny smile passed his face.

“Yes?” Garance asked.

“Tell me about those two friends of yours...”

\*\*\*\*\*



“This is rather exciting,” Jussi said. “I never thought we’d be receiving a freebie from the hottest hustler on the scene!”

“And to think that Garance actually set it up for us!” David replied.

“I know,” Jussi said. “Life is full of ironies, isn’t it?”

“It certainly is.”

David paused and looked up at the building they had just reached.

“Is this the place?” he asked.

“One seventy two Kalayan Close?” Jussi said. “I guess so!”

“Well, let’s ring the bell and have the fuck of our lives!”

Jussi took a deep breath and pressed the buzzer.

Raff answered the door in his underwear.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Okay, who wants to get fucked first?” Raff asked, stripping his jeans from his waist.

David took one look at the massive shaft that bulged under Raff’s Fruit of the Looms and dropped to his knees on the floor before the American hustler.

“Fuck me first, Raff!” David gasped.

“And while you’re getting fucked, how about wrapping your lips around my cock?” Jussi suggested.

David looked up at his best friend, who loomed before him, his thick, juicy cock displayed for David’s approval.

“Sure, why not!” David replied.

“Okay. Here we go!” Jussi said.

“Mrgph!” David muttered as Jussi’s thick nine inches of Finnish cock were thrust down his throat.

He almost gagged on the mighty fuck lance, but caught himself just in time.

Jussi began to fuck David's face with slow, deliberate strokes.

David could feel the thick, purple cock head smacking against the back of his mouth.

He shifted his head slightly.

SLURP!

Jussi's cock head slid easily down David's throat.

Jussi threw back his handsome head and grunted in pleasure.

His thick, wrinkled balls smacked against David's chin.

As Jussi's hands massaged David's head, the kid on his knees reached up and began to pump the base of Jussi's shaft with his hand.

Spittle dripped all over his fingers, and soon his spit-soaked hand was shooting back and forth over the hot Finn's love tool.

Raff, also, was dealing with spit.

The hustler had stripped naked, thrown his hat to the floor, and was massaging his cock with a thick gob of phlegm he had spit on his hand.

Raff wanted to get his big nine inches nice and wet for David.

He knew his cock was big, and David's ass looked incredibly tight.

He didn't want to hurt the kid.

He only wanted to make sure that David felt every last goddamn inch of his meaty shaft.

As David eagerly ran his tongue over the vein-infested shaft of Jussi's dick, he felt his butt cheeks being pulled apart.

David's own nine inch cock trembled in anticipation and sprang to erection under him.

The famous cowboy stud was actually going to fuck him up the butt!

David began to quicken his hand strokes he lavished upon Jussi's cock.

Drool dribbled from his mouth as Jussi's cock plunged in and out, in and out, between David's tight, wet lips.

Jussi's hips began to whip back and forth with increasing speed as the burly Finnish kid looked up and saw the handsome hustler lining up his turgid cock head at the entrance to David's tight butt hole.

David's fingers reached up and tickled Jussi's aching nuts.

Raff's fingers still pulled apart David's ass cheeks.

He looked down at the kid's asshole.

It was a pink asterisk.

Wrinkled.

Tight.

Waiting to be fucked.

Raff rested the knob of his cock head on the tender pink flesh.

David's sphincter muscle contracted in anger.

Raff pushed forward.

He pushed himself gently at first.

Then with increasing firmness.

His cock was a solid slab of rock-hard fuck meat that refused to bend.

It stood straight as an arrow behind David's ass.

Raff grit his teeth.

"Hold on to your friend's legs," Raff instructed.

"I'm gonna shove my cock right up your hole."

David's fingers wrapped around Jussi's meaty thighs.

His mouth never left the plunging cock for one second, however.

Raff took a deep breath.

David's head was bobbing up and down as he slurped Jussi's cock meat.

His ass wriggled back and forth.

Up and down.

Raff grabbed the squirming ass cheeks with his hands and forced them to be still.

He took careful aim.

His cock head was halfway lodged up David's butt hole.

But the sphincter muscle would not allow the massive shaft further entry up the hot, moist delights of David's shit chute.

Raff steadied his hips.

He pressed forward.

BAM!

Raff's hips shot forward with such brute strength that David almost knocked Jussi to his knees!

The hot hunk with the cock in his mouth suddenly let out a gurgled shriek of horror as he felt his bowels being torn apart by Raff's massive fuck shaft.

Raff began to pump.

He pounded his cock up David's ass.

Soon, the throbbing had subsided.

David was squirming on the floor in fuck-starved lust.

He had a big cock in his mouth.

Another big cock in his ass.

His own cock was rock-hard and dying to be pumped.

David reached down and began to jerk himself off.

Spasms of passion coursed through the sweaty bodied of the three kids.

Soon they would be spurting their hot, heavy loads.

But the night was still young.

There were still plenty more positions and combinations to try out.

And those three young hunks with the butt-hungry cocks weren't going to stop the brutal fuck action until every last drop of jism had been emptied

from their satisfied rods!

\*\*\*\*\*

Raff lay on his chest on the bed.

The sheets had been thrown to the floor.

Jussi's tongue wriggled and slurped at Raff's butt hole.

Jussi loved the sweet, sickly taste of the young stud's asshole.

He sniffed greedily at the musky aroma of shit that drifted up his nostrils.

Jussi continued to suck ass.

David had collapsed on the floor after Raff had finally spurt a thick wad of jism up his bowels.

The brutal fuck action had been a bit too much for the kid to handle, even as muscular and burly as he was.

But as Raff's euphoric grunts and moans of pleasure filled the air of the bedroom, David's cock stirred to life.

After his prick was thick and stiff and pumped full of blood, it was only a matter of moments before David's head shot up inquisitively.

What hot fuck scene was he missing out on?!

David jumped onto the bed, his cock swinging proudly in the air like a fat, pink billy club.

"Yeah, Jussi! Lick my ass!" Raff groaned.

Jussi pulled Raff's firm, creamy ass cheeks apart and plunged his tongue up the dank depths as far as he could possibly reach.

"Mmm!" Jussi moaned as he tasted that moist shit hole.

His fingers dug into the pliable, tender skin of Raff's ass.

His ass was smooth.

Firm.

Muscular.

Yet the flesh was incredibly soft.

And between those creamy butt cheeks, up that sweaty butt crack, was the tasty treat for which Jussi hungered.

The hung Finnish kid gobbled greedily.

As he serviced Raff's rapturous ass, Jussi's own fine butt wriggled unattended in the air.

David, horny young man that he was, figured that he had better help Jussi out of his predicament.

How could he shove his tongue up Raff's butt hole without being ravaged by a throbbing cock up his own fine ass??!

"Let me join in," David muttered.

Jussi's head shot up for a second.

He saw the look of lust smoldering in David's eyes as the kid eyed Jussi's bobbing butt.

"Sure! Go ahead!" Jussi smiled.

Jussi's cock sprang to life at the mere thought of being butt fucked by his best friend.

And it was surely no secret that David would love every last inch of Jussi's Hershey highway!

David spit on his hand.

The hot spittle felt good on his fingers.

But he knew it would feel even better greasing up his pulsating shaft!

David wrapped his wet fingers around his pole.

He spread the spit all over his hard, blood-engorged cock head.

He ran his fingers along the thickly-veined underbelly of his shaft.

He greased up the top side of his shaft.

His cock was now glistening with spit.

Slick.

Greasy.

Ready to shove between those firm butt cheeks that Jussi was wriggling on the bed in fuck-starved lust.

David straddled Jussi's legs.

He lowered his meaty thighs upon the Finn's spread legs.

David pulled apart Jussi's bobbing butt cheeks in much the same manner as Jussi's fingers were exposing Raff's hot ass crack.

David ran his fingers over Jussi's ass.

His tongue still shoved up David's butt, Jussi gave a low moan.

The Finn's moist lips were still pressed against Raff's ass flesh.

His eyes still stared greedily at Raff's sweaty butt cheeks.

But Jussi knew from years of hard fuck action that he was about to be reamed by a big cock up the ass.

His pink asterisk of love tingled in anticipation.

How Jussi loved to be fucked by hard cock meat!

David pressed the knob of his cock at the entrance to Jussi's hole.

"I'm going to shove it in all the way the very first time," David warned.

Jussi didn't care.

He loved to be fucked as if by a wild animal.

And he knew his hung buddy David would pound his tight butt hole with almost unbearable brutality.

Just what Jussi wanted!

Jussi stuck his ass in the air.

He wanted to allow David easier entrance to his tunnel of fuck delights.

David held his breath.

His cock throbbed painfully.

His balls ached.

They seemed to be telling the sex-crazed young man to hurry up and plunge right in!

David, of course, did just that!

He thrust his hips forward so savagely that Jussi's tongue almost slipped out of Raff's butt hole.

David's thick nine inches plummeted into Jussi's hot, tight tunnel.

David grunted with horny heat as he felt his balls smack against Jussi's bobbing ass cheeks.

That tight asshole wrapped itself around the anal invader as tightly as it could.

David gasped.

Jussi had never felt this tight before!

David pumped hungrily.

He pounded his rod in and out of Jussi's ass.

Spasms of rapture coursed through every muscular limb of Jussi's meaty body.

He just had to cry out!

As his talented tongue slipped out of Raff's shit hole, a groan of delight seemed to burst from Jussi's very bowels.

"Fuck me!" Jussi begged. "FUCK ME IN THE ASS! FUCK ME HARD!"

David continued to pant and grunt.

He looked down and saw Jussi's butt cheeks taking every inch of dick into their meaty moistness.

Raff, however, was not too thrilled.

Jussi was panting and groaning with such euphoria that he found it impossible to keep up the full-time job of servicing Raff's hungry ass.

Raff's legs slid out from underneath Jussi's tenacious grasp and he turned around on the bed.



“Suck my cock, Jussi!” Raff demanded.

How could Jussi pass up a command like that?

Raff’s cock throbbed proudly before Jussi’s face like a fleshy battering ram.

Jussi stretched open his lips.

He wrapped them around Raff’s cock.

Raff thrust his cock as deeply into Jussi’s mouth as he could without making the kid gag.

Jussi was completely stuffed with cock meat.

The young Finn had nine thick inches of cock up his ass.

Nine thick inches down his throat.

Jussi flexed his ass muscles.

He clamped down upon David’s plunging cock.

He slurped and sucked on Raff’s cock.

His tongue worked up and down the length of the massive dick that pounded into his face.

Jussi’s own cock, long and hard under his sweaty torso, throbbed and twitched.

His balls pulsated with passion.

Jussi wanted to shoot his wad!

Drop his load all over the bedsheets!

The feel of two cocks in his greedy holes was too much for Jussi to handle!

David continued to pump.

David continued to thrust.

They fucked their buddy’s holes as best they could.

As brutally as they could.

With as much animal passion as they could.

And still Jussi wanted more!

More!

MORE!

David was pounding up his buddy's asshole with such ferocity that beads of sweat coursed down his naked body.

Rivulets of perspiration trickled down his young, firm form.

His hips whizzed back and forth with such speed they were a mere blur.

Raff, also, had reached a force and speed so amazing that even an expert cocksucker like Jussi was having trouble keeping up.

No matter.

Raff was ready to shoot his load anyway.

He knew he would love watching Jussi gulp down a creamy load of his jism.

And Raff always had gallons on reserve in those hefty balls of his!

David, too, had almost reached his peak.

His cock seemed as if it were being ravaged with volt after volt of electricity.

How David wanted to come!

How he wanted to shoot his load up Jussi's butt!

But David also wanted to shove his stiff pole up those moist, leathery walls for as long as he could possibly manage.

Finally, however, nature had its way.

David's body was struck by spasm after spasm of erotic pleasure that threatened to envelop him entirely.

There was no way he could hold back!

He could feel the jism bubbling in his balls with every brutal stroke he ravaged upon Jussi's tight bunghole!

“GODDAMN!” David gasped. “I can’t hold out any more! I’m going to shoot my load up your ass, Jussi!”

“Just a second!” Raff grunted in sudden alarm.

“Just a few more strokes and I’ll be there, too!”

Jussi’s ears perked up.

He was going to be part of a simultaneous orgasm taking place between his two best fuck buddies-in different holes of his muscular body!

Jussi knew that as soon as David and Raff whitewashed his greedy holes, he was going to spurt load after load of jism all over the place!

And who could blame him?

Two hot hunks, brutally fucking away.

“Here... I... CCOOMMMEEE!” David shrieked, pounding again and again up the tight butt hole.

“YYYYEE-HHHAAHH!” The cowboy shouted in delight.

Jussi gasped and grunted as he felt the two cocks plugging his hole get hotter and hotter.

“UNGH!” David grunted.

“UNGH!!”

“UNGH!!”

And suddenly a thick wad of jism burst from David’s plunging cock.

Jussi gagged and gulped as his mouth was suddenly flooded with Raff’s hot, sticky come.

His butt hole was being whitewashed by David’s tepid sperm.

The two fuck partners trembled and moaned as they emptied their loads into Jussi’s hungry holes.

Jussi had never felt such ecstasy as he did at that moment.

Come dribbled down his chin.

Jism oozed out of his asshole.

He felt refreshed.

Alive.

And exhausted.

David and Raff rode out their orgasms.

Their tools pumped jism until there seemed to be no way a human body could take more liquid in those two most private holes.

The sheets under Jussi's torso were soaked and sticky with the hot, creamy jism that had burst from his cock like a geyser.

David and Raff slid their satisfied cocks out of Jussi.

The young Finn collapsed on the come-stained sheets, panting gratefully.

David and Raff weren't long in following his example.

The three fuck buddies gasped and panted as the sweat evaporated from their meaty bodies.

Their cocks shrank and curled.

Their balls tingled in the afterglow of good, hard fuck action.

Jussi, David and Raff were completely satisfied.

They dozed into sleep, their arms flung around one another's broad shoulders.

It was mid-afternoon before they stirred...

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Boris Greengates, the author of this masterpiece of erotic fiction, began writing at the tender age of twelve.

We went to Mr. Greengates' studio apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side for an interview.

Mr. Greengates was quite happy to see us.

Too happy, perhaps.

Mr. Greengates had never told us that World War One had barely broken out when he wrote his first essay.

This meant that Mr. Greengates was very, very old.

A mere wheeze away from death, actually.

We are at a loss for something to say.

So we began with the obvious.

Why, Mr. Greengates, we inquired, do your works seem written by somebody one third your age? Your works are so young, so vibrant, so full of—how should we put it?

*"Joi de vivre?"* Mr. Greengates inquired.

We nodded our heads.

Well put, we said. But please put in your dentures for the rest of the interview. It's quite difficult to understand you.

Mr. Greengates gladly popped his dentures and began to speak.

"I suppose I write young because I think young," he said. "I mean, I am over eighty years old, yet I still think like a teenager in some ways."

What ways are those, we asked, not quite sure that we wanted to know.

"Well, for one," Mr. Greengates said. "I masturbate frequently. For another, I enjoy watching cartoons on a Saturday morning."

We explained to Mr. Greengates that watching cartoons on a Saturday morning was more an activity of preteens than teenagers.

Mr. Greengates simply smiled as he replied: "Then I guess I'm not as old as I thought!"

No, you're older, we were dying to say.

But of course we didn't.

We then inquired about Mr. Greengates' writing career.

Your first work was written when you were twelve.

When was your first work published?

"When I was seventy-two," Mr. Greengates said.

We were shocked.

What took you so long to get published? we asked.

"I had to learn three or four certain words," Mr. Greengates said. "Since I've learned these words, everything I've written has been published."

And what are those words, we wanted to know.

"Cock, fuck, throb and jism," Mr. Greengates replied.

Have you ever tried to write something besides gay pornography? we asked.

Mr. Greengates eagerly nodded his head.

"Of course!" he said.

What? we asked in unison.

"I'm in the middle of a different type of work altogether. It should be ready for publication next month!"

And what type of book is this? we asked.

"A bi-sexual pornographic novel!" Mr. Greengates proudly responded.

We picked up our notes and tape recorder and made a hasty exit.